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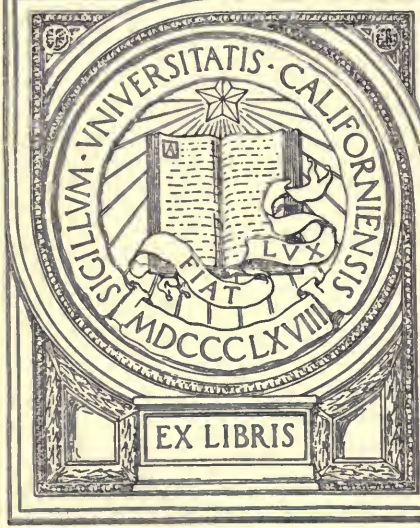

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FRONTISPIECE.

E. H. Burney del. J. Fittler sculp.

Published 1 May 1796. for C. Dilly in the Poultry, & the rest of the Proprietors.

Willan

MILTON'S

PARADISE REGAINED;

WITH

SELECT NOTES SUBJOINED:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BOTH

ENGLISH AND LATIN.

LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley;

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, W. RICHARDSON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, R. BALDWIN, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, J. SCATCHERD, OGILVY AND SPEARE, W. LOWNDES, G. AND T. WILKIE, G. KEARSLEY, VERNOR AND HOOD, T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES, AND S. HAYES.

1796.

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PREFACE.

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Capt. Bratton

The firſt volume contained the jewels of Milton's tranſcendant genius, regularly ſet and wrought into one grand complete work, forming a ſuperb diadem or brilliant necklace of exquiſite workmanſhip in the compoſition, as well as of immenſe value in the materials.

The preſent volume is enriched with diamonds and pearls of equal beauty, though ſcattered and detached; and may be compared to thoſe ſmaller pieces which the Dædalean hand of the ſame artiſt condeſcends to execute in miniature.

To praiſe the well known and univerſally admired poems which fill this volume would be pointing out the luſtre of the ſun, or the beautiful colours of the rainbow. Deſcription indeed muſt ever fail in attempting to give adequate ideas of thoſe delicate and refined excellences which are perceived by the ſenſibility of taſte. Who can communicate by words the fragrance of the hyacinth or honeyſuckle?

Milton's Latin poems have never been ſufficiently commended. They are beautiful beyond moſt of the poetical productions in modern Latin. They are

247102

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I, who ere while the happy garden ſung,
By one man's diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waſte wilderneſs.

Thou Spi'rit, who ledſt this glorious eremite
Into the deſert, his victorious field,
Againſt the ſpiritual foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted ſong, elſe mute;
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With proſp'rous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age;
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice

More awful than the ſound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptiſm flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the ſon of Joſeph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obſcure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a dove
The Spi'rit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adverſary; who, roving ſtill
About the world, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To council ſummons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks aghaſt and ſad he thus beſpake.

" O ancient Pow'rs of air, and this wide world;
For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conqueſt, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This univerſe we have poſſeſs'd, and rul'd

In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile conſort Eve
Loſt Paradiſe, deceiv'd by me; though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the ſeed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſs'd, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's ſeed,
Deſtin'd to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to achieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent harbinger; who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king: all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The teſtimony' of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt: I ſaw
The prophet do him reverence; on him, riſing

Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her cryſtal doors; thence on his head
A perfect dove deſcend, whate'er it meant;
And out of Heav'n the ſov'reign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His mother then is mortal, but his ſire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will he not do to' advance his Son;
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:
Who this is we muſt learn, for man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his father's glory ſhine.
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd;
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven ſnares:
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and ſupreme on earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found proſp'rous once
Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs."

He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpris'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care

And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleaſant realm, and province wide.
So to the coaſt of Jordan he directs
His eaſy ſteps, girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his reign on earth, ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counſel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the moſt High, who, in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel ſmiling ſpake.
" Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that ſolemn meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that ſhe ſhould bear a ſon
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'ſt her, doubting how theſe things could be
To her a virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the pow'r of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
To ſhow him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expoſe

To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtlety, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apoſtaſy; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in Job,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a man
Of female ſeed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſolicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell;
Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt
By fallacy ſurpris'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the wilderneſs;
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and ſtrong ſufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanic ſtrength,
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn ſalvation for the ſons of men."

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into hymns
Burſt forth, and in celeſtial meaſures mov'd,
Circling the throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Againſt whate'er may tempt, whate'er ſeduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of Hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought."

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breaſt,
How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring deſert wild,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus purſu'd.

" O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel myſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd!
When I was yet a child, no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing; all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myſelf I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that ere yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great feaſt
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my ſpi'rit aſpir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue Iſrael from the Roman yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſuaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring ſoul
Not wilfully miſdoing, but unware
Miſled; the ſtubborn only to ſubdue.
Theſe growing thoughts my mother ſoon perceiving
By words at times caſt forth inly rejoic'd,
And ſaid to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nouriſh them and let them ſoar
To what height ſacred virtue and true worth
Can raiſe them, though above example high;
By matchleſs deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know, thou art no ſon of mortal man;
Though men eſteem thee low of parentage,

Thy father is th' eternal King, who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and ſons of men;
A meſſenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou ſhould'ſt be great, and ſit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there ſhould be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem ſung
To ſhepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Meſſiah now was born
Where they might ſee him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'ſt,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A ſtar, not ſeen before, in Heav'n appearing,
Guided the wiſe men thither from the eaſt,
To honour thee with incenſe, myrrh, and gold,
By whoſe bright courſe led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy ſtar new grav'n in Heaven,
By which they knew the king of Iſrael born.
Juſt Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By viſion, found thee in the temple', and ſpake
Before the altar and the veſted prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.'
This having heard, ſtraight I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our ſcribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake
I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay ev'n to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins

Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was ſhewn him ſo from Heaven)
Me him, whoſe harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spi'rit deſcended on me like a dove,
And laſt, the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."
So ſpake our Morning Star then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs deſert, duſk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return

Was difficult, by human ſteps untrod;
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come
Lodg'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such ſolitude before choiceſt ſociety.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him, nor waking, harm'd; his walk
The fiery ſerpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man, in rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.
" Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs
In troop or caravan? for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcaſe, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
I aſk the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the man, whom late

Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honor'd ſo, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes,
Who dwell this wild, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame alſo finds us out."
To whom the Son of God: " Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I ſeek."
" By miracle he may," reply'd the ſwain,
" What other way I ſee not, for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee bread,
So ſhalt thou ſave thyſelf and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte."
He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:
" Think'ſt thou ſuch force in bread? is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
Moſes was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waſte; the ſame I now:
Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"
Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undiſguis'd.

" 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt
Keep not my happy ſtation, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep;
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous priſon I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the ſons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do: though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence; by them
I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe regions of the world,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and woe.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs?) that man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more."

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd.
" Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the prime in ſplendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhunn'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the hoſt of Heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable;

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other ſervice was thy choſen taſk,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſs'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who aſk'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly giv'n the nations up
To thy deluſions; juſtly, ſince they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels preſident
In every province? who themſelves diſdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay

To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parafite, obey'ft;
Then to thyfelf afcrib'ft the truth foretold.
But this thy glory fhall be foon retrench'd;
No more fhalt thou by oracling abufe
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and facrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elfewhere,
At leaft in vain, for they fhall find thee mute.
God hath now fent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And fends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requifite for men to know."

So fpake our Saviour: but the fubtle Fiend,
Though inly ftung with anger and difdain,
Diffembled, and this anfwer fmooth return'd.

" Sharply thou haft infifted on rebuke;
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But mifery hath wrefted from me: where
Eafily canft thou find one miferable,
And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may ftand him more in ftead to lie,
Say and unfay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muft fubmifs endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'fcape fo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue difcours'd, pleafing to th' ear,
And tuneable as fylvan pipe or fong;
What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair to' attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous prieſt
To tread his ſacred courts, and miniſter
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchſaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inſpir'd: diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me."
To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
" Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more."
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His grey diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The deſert; fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſsly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the mount, and miſſing long;
And the great Thiſbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young prophets then with care

Sought loſt Elijah, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out breath'd.
" Alas, from what high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom ſhall to Iſrael be reſtor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone? what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire,
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Iſrael,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come:
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppreſs
Thy choſen, to what height their pow'r unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee: ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,

Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and ſhown
In public, and with him we have convers'd:
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence;
Soon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return."
Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought:
But to his mother Mary, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from baptiſm, not her ſon,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breaſt though calm, her breaſt though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.
" O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute,
Hail highly favour'd, among women bleſt!
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc'd,
And fears as imminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a ſhed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a ſtable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet ſoon enforc'd to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With infant blood the ſtreets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptiſt, and in public ſhown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for ſome great change; to honor? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in Iſrael, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very ſoul
A ſword ſhall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's buſineſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things
And ſay'ings laid up, portending ſtrange events."

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her ſalutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her ſon tracing the deſert wild,
Sole but with holieſt meditations fed,

Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on earth, and miſſion high:
For Satan with ſly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council ſat;
There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began.

" Princes, Heav'n's ancient ſons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian ſpirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and theſe mild ſeats
Without new trouble; ſuch an enemy
Is riſen to invade us, who no leſs
Threatens than our expulſion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, taſted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam firſt of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferior far,
If he be man by mother's ſide at leaſt,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with Eve in Paradiſe

Deceive ye to perſuaſion over-ſure
Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel to aſſiſt; leſt I who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."
So ſpake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was aſſur'd their utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe
Belial, the diſſoluteſt ſpi'rit that fell,
The ſenſualeſt, and after Aſmodai
The fleſhlieſt incubus, and thus advis'd.
" Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each region paſſing fair
As the noon ſky; more like to goddeſſes
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives."
To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.

" Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thyſelf; becauſe of old
Thou thyſelf doat'dſt on womankind, admiring
Their ſhape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the flood thou with thy luſty crew,
Falſe titled ſons of God, roaming the earth
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'ſt,
In wood or grove by moſſy fountain ſide,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Caliſto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'ſt thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the ſons of men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly overpaſs'd;
How he firnam'd of Africa diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign than to enjoy his ſtate;

Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of fond deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, ſo fables tell;
How would one look from his majeſtic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty ſtands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſh'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhow
Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praiſe;
Rocks whereon greateſt men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No' advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay."

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of ſpirits likeſt to himſelf in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active ſcene
Of various perſons, each to know his part;
Then to the deſert takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.

"Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that faſt
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if nature need not,
Or God ſupport nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
Can ſatisfy that need ſome other way,
Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreſhment ſweet.

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith ſtood,
And ſaw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
Though ravenous, taught t' abſtain from what they brought:
He ſaw the prophet alſo how he fled
Into the deſert, and how there he ſlept
Under a juniper; then how, awak'd,
He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his ſong:
As lightly from his graſſy couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the proſpect round,
If cottage were in view, ſheep-cote or herd;
But cottage, herd, or ſheep-cote none he ſaw,
Only' in a bottom ſaw a pleaſant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midſt a woody ſcene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd (nature taught art)

And to a ſuperſtitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood,
Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in city', or court, or palace bred,
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.
" With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide
Of all things deſtitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this wilderneſs;
The fugitive bond-woman with her ſon
Out-caſt Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Iſrael here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed."
To whom thus Jeſus. " What conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, I, as thou ſeeſt, have none."
" How haſt thou hunger then?" Satan reply'd.
" Tell me if food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat?" " Thereafter as I like
The giver," anſwer'd Jeſus. " Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal?" ſaid the ſubtle fiend.
" Haſt thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay till bid,

But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To idols, thoſe young Daniel could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſs'd? Behold,
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,
Troubled that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her lord
With honour, only deign to ſit and eat."

He ſpake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A table richly ſpread, in regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavour, beaſts of chaſe, or fowl of game,
In paſtry built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-ſteam'd; all fiſh from ſea or ſhore,
Freſhet, or purling brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coaſt.
Alas how ſimple, to theſe cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a ſtately ſide-board, by the wine
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; diſtant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Heſperides, that ſeem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled ſince
Of faery damſels met in foreſt wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentleſt gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and Flora's earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

"What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are ſpi'rits of air, and woods, and ſprings,
Thy gentle miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat."

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd.
"Said'ſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of angels miniſtrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?

And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts but guiles."
To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent.
" That I have alſo pow'r to give thou ſeeſt;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fet ſpoil." With that
Both table and proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only the impórtune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his temptation purſu'd.
" By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtraits at home,
Loſt in a deſert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence authority deriv'ſt?
What followers, what retinue canſt thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Money brings honour, friends, conqueſt, and realms:
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his ſon Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get riches firſt, get wealth, and treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wiſdom ſit in want."

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd.
" Yet wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth diſſolv'd:
But men endued with theſe have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon, and Jephthah, and the ſhepherd lad,
Whoſe offspring on the throne of Judah ſat
So many ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in Iſrael without end.
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I

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May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance, if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praiſe.
What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in ſhow, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men, or headſtrong multitudes,
Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
Or lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By ſaving doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides to give a kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a ſceptre, oftеſt better miſs'd."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

So ſpake the Son of God, and Satan ſtood
A while as mute confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his ſerpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.
"I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth conſult,
Thy counſel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, thoſe oraculous gems
On Aaron's breaſt; or tongue of ſeers old
Infallible: or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy ſkill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world

Could not ſuſtain thy proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battle, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe god-like virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage wilderneſs? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected ſpi'rits, moſt temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the ſon
Of Macedonian Philip had ere theſe
Won Aſia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his diſpoſe; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
"Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For empire's ſake, nor empire to affect
For glory's ſake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,

A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Haſt thou ſeen my ſervant Job?'
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,

And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worſhipp'd with temple, prieſt and ſacrifice;
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'ror death diſcover them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with ſaintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truth's ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,
Ought ſuffer'd; if young African for fame
His waſted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain men ſeek,
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me', and thereby witneſs whence I am."

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
" Think not ſo ſlight of glory; therein leaſt
Reſembling thy great Father: he ſeeks glory,

And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
By all his angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wiſe or unwiſe, no difference, no exemption;
Above all ſacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiſcuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
" And reaſon; ſince his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to ſhew forth his goodneſs, and impart
His good communicable to every ſoul
Freely; of whom what could he leſs expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is thanks,
The ſlighteſt, eaſieſt, readieſt recompenſe
From them who could return him nothing elſe,
And not returning that would likelieſt render
Contempt inſtead, diſhonour, obloquy?
Hard recompenſe, unſuitable return
For ſo much good, ſo much beneficence.
But why ſhould man ſeek glory, who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy', and ſhame?
Who for ſo many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and falſe,
And ſo of all true good himſelf deſpoil'd,
Yet, ſacrilegious, to himſelf would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;

Yet ſo much bounty is in God, ſuch grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himſelf to glory will advance."
So ſpake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to anſwer, but ſtood ſtruck
With guilt of his own ſin, for he himſelf
Inſatiable of glory had loſt all,
Yet of another plea bethought him ſoon.
"Of glory, as thou wilt," ſaid he, "ſo deem,
Worth or not worth the ſeeking, let it paſs:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's ſide thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms:
Judea now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate ſway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the deſert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king ſo oft prevail'd,
That by ſtrong hand his family obtain'd,
Though prieſts, the crown, and David's throne uſurp'd,
With Modin and her ſuburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not ſlow;

But on occaſion's forelock watchful wait.
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt,
Zeal of thy father's houſe, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fulfil, beſt verify
The prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs reign;
The happier reign the ſooner it begins;
Reign then; what canſt thou better do the while?"
To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd.
"All things are beſt fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?"
To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.

"Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My errour was my errour, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'ſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterpriſe ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jeruſalem, few days

Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt inſight
In all things that to greateſt actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loath, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking aſſes found a kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyſelf ſo apt, in regal arts,
And regal myſteries, that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand."

With that (ſuch pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other ſtrait, and left between
Fair champain with leſs rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the ſea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt monarchs, and ſo large
The proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſert fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
" Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caſpian lake, thence on
As far as Indus eaſt, Euphrates weſt,
And oft beyond; to ſouth the Perſian bay,
And inacceſſible th' Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that firſt golden monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of Salmanaſſar, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's houſe
Led captive, and Jeruſalem laid waſte,
Till Cyrus ſet them free; Perſepolis
His city there thou ſeeſt, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Suſa by Choaſpes, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Niſibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Cteſiphon,
Turning with eaſy eye thou may'ſt behold.
All theſe the Parthian, now ſome ages paſt,
By great Arſaces led, who founded firſt
That empire, under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
In Cteſiphon hath gather'd all his hoſt
Againſt the Scythian, whoſe incurſions wild
Have waſted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what martial equipage
They iſſue forth, ſteel bows, and ſhafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel;
See how in warlike muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings."
He look'd, and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachoſia, from Candaor eaſt,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucaſus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropaſia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the ſouth
Of Suſiana, to Balſara's haven.
He ſaw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhow'rs againſt the face
Of their purſuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron caſt a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn

Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight,
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers
A multitude with ſpades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Beſieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The faireſt of her ſex Angelica
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and ſo numerous was their chivalry;
At fight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

" That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and ſhown
All this fair ſight: thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means,
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of David's throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,

Samaritan or Jew; how could'ſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch incloſing enemies
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the Parthian firſt
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it ſhall be my taſk
To render thee the Parthian at diſpoſe;
Chooſe which thou wilt by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtall thee
In David's royal ſeat, his true ſucceſſor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, thoſe ten tribes
Whoſe offspring in his territory yet ſerve,
In Habor, and among the Medes diſpers'd;
Ten ſons of Jacob, two of Joſeph loſt
Thus long from Iſrael, ſerving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæſar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd.
"Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragil arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou' haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plauſible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I muſt uſe, thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of war there ſhown me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My brethren, as thou call'ſt them, thoſe ten tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full ſceptre ſway
To juſt extent over all Iſrael's ſons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Iſrael, or for David, or his throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Iſrael, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand Iſraelites
By three days' peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To Iſrael then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Aſhtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity

Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their forefathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by circumciſion vain,
And God with idols in their worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by ſome wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th' Aſſyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them."
So ſpake Iſrael's true king, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſehood contends.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAIN'ED.

BOOK IV.

Perplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on Eve,
So little here, nay loſt; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who, ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, beforehand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſalve his credit, and for very ſpite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet muſt is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock;

Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhameful ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the ſouthern ſea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth and ſeats of men
From cold Septentrion blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an imperial city ſtood,
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On ſev'n ſmall hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
By what ſtrange parallax or optic ſkill
Of viſion multiply'd through air, or glaſs
Of teleſcope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.
" The city which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel

Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
Th' imperial palace, compaſs huge, and high
The ſtructure, ſkill of nobleſt architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring ſpires.
Many a fair edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of gods, (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My aery microſcope) thou may'ſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or ent'ring in,
Pretors, proconſuls to their provinces
Haſting, or on return, in robes of ſtate;
Lictors and rods, the enſigns of their pow'r,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horſe and wings:
Or embaſſies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Æmilian, ſome from fartheſt ſouth,
Syene', and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic iſle, and more to weſt,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor ſea;
From th' Aſian kings and Parthian among theſe,
From India and the golden Cherſoneſe,
And utmoſt Indian iſle Taprobane,
Duſk faces with white ſilken turbans wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the Britiſh weſt,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,

To Rome's great emperor, whoſe wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the Parthian; theſe two thrones except,
The reſt are barb'rous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
Theſe having ſhown thee, I have ſhown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'ror hath no ſon, and now is old,
Old and laſcivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ an iſland ſmall but ſtrong
On the Campanian ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what eaſe,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this monſter from his throne
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the high'eſt, without the high'eſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be propheſy'd what will."
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
"Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtic ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,

More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On citron tables or Atlantic ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Cryſtal and myrrhine cups imboſs'd with gems
And ſtuds of pearl, to me ſhould'ſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then embaſſies thou ſhow'ſt
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th' emperor, how eaſily ſubdued,
How glorioufly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter: what if I withal
Expel a devil who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormenter conſcience find him out;
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal, who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapine; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph, that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their ſports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily ſcene effeminate.

What wife and valiant man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degenerate, by themſelves inſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On David's throne, it ſhall be like a tree
Spreading and overſhadowing all the earth,
Or as a ſtone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All monarchies beſides throughout the world,
And of my kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd,
" I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valueſt, becauſe offered, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict:
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?"

Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
" I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;

But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written
The firſt of all commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd;
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the king of kings,
God over all ſupreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the Fiend with fear abaſh'd reply'd.
"Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
Though ſons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whoſe coming is foretold

To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me nought advantag'd, miſſing what I aimed.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee; gain them as thou canſt, or not.
And thou thyſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When ſlipping from thy mother's eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the temple; there waſt found
Among the graveſt rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting Moſes chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhows the man,
As morning ſhows the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moſes law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles alſo know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Their idoliſms, traditions, paradoxes?
Errour by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.

Look once more ere we leave this ſpecular mount
Weſtward, much nearer by ſouthweſt, behold
Where on the Ægean ſhore a city ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet receſs,
City' or ſuburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the ſummer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the ſound
Of bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there Iliſſus rolls
His whiſp'ring ſtream: within the walls then view
The ſchools of ancient ſages; his who bred
Great Alexander to ſubdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind Meleſigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whoſe poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or Iambic, teachers beſt
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief ſententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arſenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:
To ſage philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of Socrates; ſee there his tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſued forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the ſchools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the ſect
Epicurean, and the Stoic ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyſelf, much more with empire join'd."

To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.
"Think not but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and ſmooth conceits;
A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſenſe;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,

But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe;
The Stoic laſt in philoſophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wiſe, perfect in himſelf, and all poſſeſſing,
Equals to God, oft ſhames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleaſure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lifts, he leaves, or boaſts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boaſt,
Or ſubtle ſhifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not miſlead,
Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the ſoul they talk, but all awry,
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not, or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books,
Wiſe men have ſaid, are weariſome; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elſewhere ſeek?)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains,
Deep vers'd in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As children gathering pebbles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With muſic or with poem, where ſo ſoon
As in our native language can I find
That ſolace? All our law and ſtory ſtrow'd
With hymns, our pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew ſongs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd ſo well our victors ear, declare
That rather Greece from us theſe arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their deities, and their own
In fable, hymn, or ſong, ſo perſonating
Their gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove their ſwelling epithets thick laid
As varniſh on a harlot's cheek, the reſt,
Thin ſown with ought of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's ſongs, to all true taſtes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee,
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of nature not in all quite loſt.
Their orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of eloquence, ſtatiſts indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of civil government
In their majeſtic unaffected ſtyle

Than all the' oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a nation happy', and keeps it ſo,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
Theſe only with our law beſt form a king."
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.
" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleaſes thee, nor ought
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory', or fame,
What doſt thou in this world? the wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,
Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the ſtars
Voluminous, or ſingle characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows, and labours, oppoſition, hate
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric I diſcern not,

Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the ſtarry rubric ſet."
So ſay'ing he took (for ſtill he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in louring night
Her ſhadowy offspring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light and abſent day,
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried ſore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head,
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtood'ſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtay'd the terrour there,

Infernal ghoſts, and Helliſh furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unappall'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly ſpectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrours dire.
And now the ſun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The prince of darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpite to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a ſunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape,
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid.

" Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the wrack

As earth and ſky would mingle; but myſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholeſome, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſteful and turbulent,
Like turbulences in th' affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignify and threaten ill:
This tempeſt at this deſert moſt was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of fate, purſue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
Ere thou of Iſrael's ſceptre get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrours, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a ſure fore-going ſign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And ſtay'd not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.
" Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrours which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as ſigns
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious ſpi'rit, and would'ſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt."
To whom the Fiend, now ſwoln with rage, reply'd.
" Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the firſt I knew,
And of th' angelic ſong in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born.
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe;
The Son of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands;
All men are ſons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to me my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or compoſition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee, and confeſs have found thee
Proof againſt all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmoſt of mere man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I muſt now begin."

So ſay'ing he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air ſublime
Over the wilderneſs and o'er the plain;

Till underneath them fair Jeruſalem,
The holy city lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaſter, topt with golden ſpires:
There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God, and added thus in ſcorn.
"There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee', and higheſt plac'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhow thy progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thyſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They ſhall uplift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone."
To whom thus Jeſus; "Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he ſaid, and ſtood:"
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell.
As when earth's ſon Antæus (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in Iraſſa ſtrove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his victor fall.
And as that Theban monſter that propos'd
Her riddle', and him, who ſolv'd it not, devour'd,

That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpite
Caſt herſelf headlong from th' Iſmenian ſteep;
So ſtruck with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtraight a fiery globe
Of angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſy ſtation, and up bore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flow'ry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpread
A table of celeſtial food, divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt; and as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the boſom of bliſs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inſhrin'd
In fleſhly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with godlike force indued
Againſt th' attempter of thy Father's throne,

And thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from Heaven caſt
With all his army, now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradiſe;
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For Adam and his choſen ſons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinſtall
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal ſtar
Or lightning thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound,
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chace thee with the terrour of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of ſwine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail Son of the Moſt High, heir of both worlds,

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feaſt refreſh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his mother's houſe private return'd.

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδια μιμησις πραξεως σπεδαιας, &c.

TRAGŒDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. PER MISERICORDIAM ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIUM AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM.

ARISTOT. POET. CAP. 6.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM

WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compoſed, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other poems: therefore ſaid by Ariſtotle to be of power by raiſing pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirred up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are uſed againſt melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence philoſophers and other graveſt writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The apoſtle Paul himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv, 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts diſtinguiſhed each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and ſong between. Heretofore men in higheſt dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to

compoſe a tragedy. Of that honour Dionyſius the elder was no leſs ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Auguſtus Cæſar alſo had begun his Ajax; but unable to pleaſe his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfiniſhed. Seneca the philoſopher is by ſome thought the author of thoſe tragedies (at leaſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity of his perſon to write a tragedy, which is entitled Chriſt Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets errour of intermixing comic ſtuff with tragic ſadneſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar perſons, which by all judicious hath been counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy uſe no prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epiſtle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much before hand may be epiſtled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reaſon, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The meaſure of verſe uſed in the chorus is of all ſorts, called by the Greeks Monoſtrophic, or rather Apole-

lymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antiſtrophe or Epod, which were a kind of ſtanzas framed only for the muſic, then uſed with the chorus that ſung; not eſſential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into ſtanzas or pauſes, they may be called Allæoſtropha. Diviſion into act and ſcene referring chiefly to the ſtage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the ſtyle and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch economy or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum; they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumſcription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samſon made captive, blind, and now in the priſon at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouſe, on a feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, ſomewhat retired, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; laſtly, that this feaſt was proclaimed by the Philiſtines as a day of thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samſon, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to proſecute his endeavour with the Philiſtian lords for Samſon's redemption; who in the mean while is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly by a public officer to require his coming to the feaſt before the lords and people, to play or ſhow his ſtrength in their preſence; he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the public officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his ſon's deliverance: in the midſt of which diſcourſe an Hebrew comes in haſte, confuſedly at firſt, and afterwards more diſtinctly relating the cataſtrophe, what Samſon had done to the Philiſtines, and by accident to himſelf; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of ſun or ſhade:
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily' in the common priſon elſe injoin'd me,
Where I a priſoner, chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn feaſt the people hold
To Dagon their ſea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their ſuperſtition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm

Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my parents all in flames aſcended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcribed
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under taſk
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bondſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should Iſrael from Philiſtian yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in Gaza at the mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under Philiſtian yoke:
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it,

O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burdenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command!
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhow withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would aſk a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me,
They creep, yet ſee, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe

Without all hope of day!
O firſt created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf, if it be true
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
Myſelf my ſepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare

At my affliction, and perhaps t' inſult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſsly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irreſiſtible Samſon? whom unarm'd
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could withſtand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattl'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen ſhield and ſpear, the hammer'd cuiraſs,
Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Aſcalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand foreſkins fell, the flow'r of Paleſtine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The gates of Azza, poſt, and maſſy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, ſeat of giants old,
No journey of a ſabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy bondage or loſt ſight,
Priſon within priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The dungeon of thyſelf; thy ſoul
(Which men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe complain)
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T' incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirrour of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallell'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate

Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdued the earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

SAMSON.

I hear the ſound of words, their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHORUS.

He ſpeaks, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,
The glory late of Iſrael, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eſhtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy ſores; apt words have pow'r to ſwage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to feſter'd wounds.

SAMSON.

Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their ſuperſcription, (of the moſt
I would be underſtood) in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs, for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh pilot have ſhipwrack'd

My veſſel truſted to me from above,
Glorioufly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not ſung and proverb'd for a fool
In every ſtreet? do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd,
Theſe two proportion'd ill drove me tranſverſe.

CHORUS.

Tax not divine diſpoſal; wiſeſt men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thyſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhouldſt wed Philiſtian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At leaſt of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMSON.

The firſt I ſaw at Timna, and ſhe pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I ſought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulſe, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occaſion hence
I might begin Iſrael's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving falſe, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had! fond wiſh too late,)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That ſpecious monſter, my accompliſh'd ſnare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the ſame end; ſtill watching to oppreſs
Iſrael's oppreſſors: of what now I ſuffer
She was not the prime cauſe, but I myſelf,
Who vanquiſh'd with a peal of words (O weakneſs!)
Gave up my fort of ſilence to a woman.

CHORUS.

In ſeeking juſt occaſion to provoke
The Philiſtine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never waſt remiſs, I bear thee witneſs:
Yet Iſraël ſtill ſerves with all his ſons.

SAMSON.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Iſrael's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who ſeeing thoſe great acts, which God had done
Singly by me againſt their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all conſider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other ſide
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themſelves, though mute, ſpoke loud the doer;
But they perſiſted deaf, and would not ſeem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philiſtines with gather'd pow'rs
Enter'd Judea ſeeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but forecaſting in what place
To ſet upon them, what advantag'd beſt:

Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harafs of their land, befet me round;
I willingly on fome conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole hoft I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceft youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this poffefs'd the tow'rs of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they ferve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to fervitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with eafe than ftrenuous liberty;
And to defpife, or envy, or fufpect
Whom God hath of his fpecial favour rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to defert him, and at laft
To heap ingratitude on worthieft deeds?

CHORUS.

Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchlefs Gideon in purfuit
Of Midian and her vanquifh'd kings:
And how ungrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worfe than by his fhield and fpear,
Defended Ifrael from the Ammonite,

Had not his proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battle, when ſo many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMSON.

Of ſuch examples add me to the roll,
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.

CHORUS.

Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch doctrine never was there ſchool,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himſelf.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardleſs of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right to' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From national obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can beſt diſpenſe.

He would not elſe, who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that ſallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaſte.
Down reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſonings down,
Though reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain not his.
But ſee here comes thy reverend ſire
With careful ſtep, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: adviſe
Forthwith how thou oughtſt to receive him.

SAMSON.

Aye me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' aſſault.

MANOAH.

Brethren and men of Dan, for ſuch ye ſeem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My Son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age
Came lagging after; ſay if he be here.

CHORUS.

As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,
As erſt in high'eſt, behold him where he lies.

MANOAH.

O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samſon, far renown'd,

The dread of Iſrael's foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length. O ever failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt pray'rs, then giv'n with ſolemn hand
As graces, draw a ſcorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and ſacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Inſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes deriſion, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thruſt, to work with ſlaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's ſake of former deeds.

SAMSON.

Appoint not heav'nly diſpoſition, Father;
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I myſelf have brought them on,
Sole author I, ſole cauſe: if ought ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The myſtery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not ſhe
Of Timna firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her height
Of nuptial love profeſs'd, carrying it ſtraight
To them who had corrupted her, my ſpies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born, treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flattering pray'rs and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She ſought to make me traitor to myſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſt'ring all her wiles,

With blandiſh'd parlies, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out,
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n,
Theſe rags, this grinding is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degenerately I ſerv'd.

MANOAH.

I cannot praiſe thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to' have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying

That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the Philiſtines a popular feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and ſacrifice, and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samſon, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So Dagon ſhall be magnify'd, and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Diſglorify'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn
By the idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's houſe.

SAMSON.

Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praiſes high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Diſhonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idoliſts, and atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To Iſrael, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenſe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame, and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my ſoul, that ſuffers not
Mine eye to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtrife
With me hath end; all the contéſt is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath preſum'd,

Me overthrown, to enter lifts with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be fure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arife and his great name affert:
Dagon muft ftoop, and fhall ere long receive
Such a difcomfit, as fhall quite defpoil him
Of all thefe boafted trophies won on me,
And with confufion blank his worfhippers.

MANOAH.

With caufe this hope relieves thee, and thefe words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Againft all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what fhall be done?
Thou muft not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miferable loathfome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To fome Philiftian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ranfom: well they may by this
Have fatisfy'd their utmoft of revenge
By pains and flaveries, worfe than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canft do them harm.

SAMSON.

Spare that propofal, Father, fpare the trouble
Of that folicitation; let me here,
As I deferve, pay on my punifhment;
And expiate, if poffible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the ſecrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deſerving
Contempt, and ſcorn of all, to be exeluded
All friendſhip, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool ſet on his front?
But I God's counſel have not kept, his holy ſecret
Preſumptuouſly have publiſh'd, impiouſly,
Weakly at leaſt, and ſhamefully: a ſin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

MANOAH.

Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
Repent the ſin, but if the puniſhment
Thou canſt avoid, ſelf-preſervation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyſelf; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Beſt pleas'd with humble' and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Than who ſelf-rigorous chooſes death as due;
Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his ſacred houſe,
Where thou may'ſt bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

SAMSON.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? When in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The ſons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who ſhore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shav'n, and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

CHORUS.

Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the ſmell,
Or taſte that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool cryſtalline ſtream.

SAMSON.

Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure

With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHORUS.

O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'en made choice to rear
His mighty champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAMSON.

But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
Againſt another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſhearten'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the houſhold hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object; theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſt'ring down,
Vain monument of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numbneſs craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obſcure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft-invocated death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.

MANOAH.

Wilt thou then ſerve the Philiſtines with that gift
Which was expreſsly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt t' allay
After the brunt of battle, can as eaſy
Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt;
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Miraculous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

SAMSON.

All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf,
My race of glory run, and race of ſhame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.

MANOAH.

Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſom, or how elſe: mean while be calm,

And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.

SAMSON.

O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt, and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her purer ſpirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.
My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring diſeaſe,
But finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly ſtings
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from ſnowy Alp.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'n's deſertion.
I was his nurſling once and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,

Promis'd by heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.

CHORUS.

Many are the ſayings of the wiſe
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolatories writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint;
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,

Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou tow'ards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious,
Temper'ſt thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring looſe about
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more remembered,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory,
And people's ſafety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon
Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high,
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;

Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days: in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in this ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of ſea or land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus, bound for th' iles
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber ſcent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich Philiſtian matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy Wife.

SAMSON.

My Wife, my Traitreſs, let her not come near me.

CHORUS.

Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem into tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilken veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

DALILA.

With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, Samſon,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If ought in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh but more unfortunate miſdeed.

SAMSON.

Out, out Hyæna; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,

Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her huſband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed ſkill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd,
With goodneſs principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DALILA.

Yet hear me, Samſon; not that I endeavour
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other ſide if it be weigh'd
By' itſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find
The eaſier towards me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?

To what I did thou ſhow'dſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not:
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parle
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thyſelf was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſy of love, pow'rful of ſway
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou would'ſt leave me
As her at Timna, ſought by all means therefore
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my power
The key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's priſoner, not the Philiſtines,
Whole to myſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in love's law have paſt for good,

Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

SAMSON.

How cunningly the ſorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myſelf was falſe ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd: weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Inceſtuous, ſacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfy thy luſt: love ſeeks to' have love;
My love how could'ſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?

In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

DALILA.

Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, ere I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of men,
The conſtanteſt, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the magiſtrates
And princes of my country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to inſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of Dagon: what had I
To' oppoſe againſt ſuch pow'rful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in ſilence all theſe reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim
So riſe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men, that to the public good
Private reſpects muſt yield, with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo injoining.

SAMSON.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, ſmooth hypocriſy.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy huſband,
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſs'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not their's: if ought againſt my life
Thy country ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy Gods thou didſt it: Gods unable
T' acquit themſelves and proſecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.

Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul muſt thou appear?

DALILA.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

SAMSON.

For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.

DALILA.

I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, Samſon,
Afford me place to ſhow what recompenſe
Tow'rds thee I intend for what I have miſdone,
Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
T' afflict thyſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtic eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſome priſon-houſe, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful cheer'd, and ſo ſupply'd,
That what by me thou' haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

E. F. Burney del. — F. Fittler sculp.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Sams. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake
My Sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
Sams. Agonistes p. 123.

Published 25 May 1796, for C. Dilly, in the Poultry, and the rest of the Proprietors.

SAMSON.

No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain:
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurs'd,
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my coſt, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair inchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wiſdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear againſt thy ſorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'ſt hate me
Thy huſband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forego me;
How would'ſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,
And laſt neglected? How would'ſt thou inſult,
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doing to the lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This jail I count the houſe of liberty
To thine, whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

DALILA.

Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON.

Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance wake
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail thy falſehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:
Cheriſh thy haſten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

DALILA.

I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs, than winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcil'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:
Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſehood moſt unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Aſdod, and in Gath,
I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave

Her country from a fierce deſtroyer choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flowers;
Not leſs renown'd than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote Siſera ſleeping through the temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to' have ſhown.
At this who ever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHORUS.

She's gone, a manifeſt ſerpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMSON.

So let her go, God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecreſy, my ſafety, and my life.

CHORUS.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange power,
After offenſe returning, to regain
Love once poſſeſs'd, nor can be eaſily
Repuls'd, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

SAMSON.

Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHORUS.

It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit,

Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samſon, in one day
Or ſev'n, though one ſhould muſing ſit.
If any of theſe or all, the Timnian bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd,
Succeſſor in thy bed,
Nor both ſo looſely diſally'd
Their nuptials, nor this laſt ſo treacherouſly
Had ſhorn the fatal harveſt of thy head.
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh'd on their ſex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſte unfiniſh'd, judgment ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftеſt to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of ſelf-love mix'd,
Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a thorn
Inteſtine, far within defenſive arms
A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry inſlav'd

With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly' and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
Imbark'd with ſuch a ſteers-mate at the helm?
Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtic good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But virtue which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.
Therefore God's univerſal law
Gave to the man deſpotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lour:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?

SAMSON.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHORUS.

But this another kind of tempeſt brings.

SAMSON.

Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.

CHORUS.

Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture than when firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMSON.

Or peace or not, alike to mè he comes.

CHORUS.

His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now arrives.

HARAPHA.

I come not, Samſon, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of ſtock renown'd
As Og or Anak and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held, thou know'ſt me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or liſted field:
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.

SAMSON.

The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.

HARAPHA.

Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd

To' have wrought ſuch wonders with an aſs's jaw;
I ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon with other arms,
Or left thy carcaſe where the aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory' of proweſs been recover'd
To Paleſtine, won by a Philiſtine
From the unforeſkin'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant acts; that honour
Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMSON.

Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done, but do
What then thou wouldſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.

HARAPHA.

To combat with a blind man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.

SAMSON.

Such uſage as your honourable lords
Afford me' aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with their whole united powers
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attack me, no not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of braſs, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-braſs and greves, and gauntlet, add thy ſpear,

A weaver's beam, and ſev'n-times-folded ſhield,
I only with an oaken-ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long ſhall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thyſelf at Gath to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To Samſon, but ſhalt never ſee Gath more.

HARAPHA.

Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms,
Which greateſt heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black inchantments, ſome magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dſt at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMSON.

I know no ſpells, uſe no forbidden arts;
My truſt is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe magic ſpells,

Which I to be the power of Iſrael's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the teſt,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

HARAPHA.

Preſume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common priſon, there to grind
Among the ſlaves and aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boiſt'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble warrior, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the barber's razor beſt ſubdued.

SAMSON.

All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God,
Thine or whom I with Iſrael's ſons adore.

HARAPHA.

Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMSON.

Tongue-doughty Giant, how doſt thou prove me
theſe?

HARAPHA.

Is not thy nation ſubject to our lords?
Their magiſtrates confeſs'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murder on thoſe thirty men
At Aſcalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber ſtripp'dſt them of their robes?
The Philiſtines, when thou hadſt broke the league,
Went up with armed pow'rs thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.

SAMSON.

Among the daughters of the Philiſtines
I choſe a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feaſt:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty ſpies,
Who threatening cruel death conſtrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,

I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was ſubjected to your lords.
It was the force of conqueſt; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private perſon, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single rebellion and did hoſtile acts.
I was no private but a perſon rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heaven
To free my country; if their ſervile minds
Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their maſters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my own offence
Had not diſabled me, not all your force:
Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterpriſe of ſmall enforce.

HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a ſlave inroll'd,
Due by the law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMSON.

Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

HARAPHA.

O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

SAMSON.

No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

HARAPHA.

This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

SAMSON.

Go baffled coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low,
Or ſwing thee in the air, then daſh thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

HARAPHA.

By Aſtaroth ere long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHORUS.

His giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt-fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultry chafe.

SAMSON.

I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five ſons,
All of gigantic ſize, Goliah chief.

CHORUS.

He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMSON.

He muſt allege ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe
Whether he durſt accept the' offer or not,
And that he durſt not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impoſe, nor I ſuſtain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no ſmall profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadlieſt foe will prove
My ſpeedieſt friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worſt that he can give, to me the beſt.
Yet ſo it may fall out, becauſe their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHORUS.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men long oppreſs'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to purſue
The righteous and all ſuch as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigour arm'd,
Their armouries and magazines contemns,

Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who ſurpris'd
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of ſaints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might indued
Above the ſons of men; but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom patience finally muſt crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A ſceptre or quaint ſtaff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look.
By his habit I diſcern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

OFFICER.

Hebrews, the pris'ner Samſon here I ſeek.

CHORUS.

His manacles remark him, there he ſits.

OFFICER.

Samſon, to thee our lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to Dagon is a ſolemn feaſt,
With ſacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human rate,
And now ſome public proof thereof require
To honour this great feaſt, and great aſſembly;
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed and come along,
Where I will ſee thee hearten'd and freſh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illuſtrious lords.

SAMSON.

Thou know'ſt I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
Our law forbids at their religious rights
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.

OFFICER.

This anſwer, be aſſur'd, will not content them.

SAMSON.

Have they not ſword-players, and every ſort
Of gymnic artiſts, wreſtlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt, I will not come.

OFFICER.

Regard thyſelf, this will offend them highly.

SAMSON.

Myſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.

Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever
Will condeſcend to ſuch abſurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jeſter,
And in my midſt of ſorrow and heart-grief
To ſhow them feats, and play before their god,
The worſt of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFFICER.

My meſſage was impos'd on me with ſpeed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution?

SAMSON.

So take it with what ſpeed thy meſſage needs.

OFFICER.

I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.

SAMSON.

Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow' indeed.

CHORUS.

Conſider, Samſon; matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

SAMSON.

Shall I abuſe this conſecrated gift
Of ſtrength, again returning with my hair
After my great tranſgreſſion, ſo requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater ſin
By proſtituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my ſtrength in honour to their Dagon?
Beſides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHORUS.

Yet with this ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the Philiſtines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAMSON.

Not in their idol-worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power.

CHORUS.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON.

Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds.
But who conſtrains me to the temple' of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philiſtian lords command.
Commands are no reſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee
Preſent in temples at idolatrous rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou need'ſt not doubt.

CHORUS.

How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.

SAMSON.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rouſing motions in me which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this meſſenger will go along,

Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our law, or ſtain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

CHORUS.

In time thou haſt reſolv'd, the man returns.

OFFICER.

Samſon, this ſecond meſſage from our lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our ſlave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch engines to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier faſten'd than a rock.

SAMSON.

I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a pow'r reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFFICER.

I praiſe thy reſolution: doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

SAMSON.

Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them
I know not: lords are lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion ſeem concern'd;
No leſs the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHORUS.

Go, and the Holy One
Of Iſrael be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſh'd on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been ſeen.
But wherefore comes old Manoah in ſuch haſte

With youthful ſteps? much livelier than ere while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his ſon,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?

MANOAH.

Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at preſent here to find my ſon,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feaſt.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc'd to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

CHORUS.

That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; ſay, reverend ſire, we thirſt to hear.

MANOAH.

I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ranſom for my ſon their priſ'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wond'rous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd Dagon and his prieſts:
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and ſtate
They eaſily would ſet to ſale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,

The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſom were propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the ſky.

CHORUS.

Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

MANOAH.

His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chooſe
To live the pooreſt in my tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I ſhall want nothing.

CHORUS.

Fathers are wont to lay up for their ſons,
Thou for thy ſon art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurſe their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy ſon
Made older than thy age through eye-ſight loſt.

MANOAH.

It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobled
With all thoſe high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,
That of a nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And I perſuade me God had not permitted

His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
Garriſon'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful ſoldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him further yet in ſome great ſervice,
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.

CHORUS.

Thy hopes are not ill founded nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MANOAH.

I know your friendly minds and— O what noiſe!
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noiſe was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former ſhout.

CHORUS.

Noiſe call you it or univerſal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.

MANOAH.

Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noiſe:
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my ſon.

CHORUS.

Thy ſon is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one foe could not aſcend.

MANOAH.

Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do, ſtay here or run and ſee?

CHORUS.

Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philiſtines is fall'n;
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to Iſrael's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?

MANOAH.

That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.

CHORUS.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MANOAH.

He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain ſubſcribe, and tempts belief.
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.

CHORUS.

Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An Hebrew, as I gueſs, and of our tribe.

MESSENGER.

O whither ſhall I run, or which way fly
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle,
Which erſt my eyes beheld and yet behold?
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.

But providence or inſtinct of nature ſeems,
Or reaſon though diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt, reverend Manoah, and to theſe
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horrour,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd.

MANOAH.

The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.

MESSENGER.

It would burſt forth, but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.

MANOAH.

Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.

MESSENGER.

Gaza yet ſtands, but all her ſons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MANOAH.

Sad, but thou know'ſt to Iſraelites not ſaddeſt
The deſolation of a hoſtile city.

MESSENGER.

Feed on that firſt, there may in grief be ſurfeit.

MANOAH.

Relate by whom.

MESSENGER.

By Samſon.

MANOAH.

That ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESSENGER.

Ah Manoah, I refrain, too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear ſhould pierce too deep.

MANOAH.

Suſpenſe in news is torture, ſpeak them out.

MESSENGER.

Take then the worſt in brief, Samſon is dead.

MANOAH.

The worſt indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who ſets all free
Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's froſt!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samſon his death's wound?

MESSENGER.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOAH.

Wearied with ſlaughter then or how? explain.

MESSENGER.

By his own hands.

MANOAH.

Self-violence? what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his foes?

MESSENGER.

Inevitable cauſe
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to ſee him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MANOAH.

O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thyſelf!
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done;
Relation more particular and diſtinct.

MESSENGER.

Occaſions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with ſun-riſe,
The morning trumpets feſtival proclaim'd
Through each high ſtreet: little I had diſpatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samſon ſhould be brought forth, to ſhow the people
Proof of his mighty ſtrength in feats and games;
I ſorrow'd at his captive ſtate, but minded
Not to be abſent at that ſpectacle.
The building was a ſpacious theatre
Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With ſeats where all the lords and each degree
Of ſort, might ſit in order to behold;
The other ſide was open, where the throng
On banks and ſcaffolds under ſky might ſtand;
I among theſe aloof obſcurely ſtood.
The feaſt and noon grew high, and ſacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their ſports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samſon as a public ſervant brought,
In their ſtate livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot, before him and behind
Archers and ſlingers, cataphracts and ſpears.
At ſight of him the people with a ſhout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praiſe,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was ſet before him,
Which without help of eye might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible, ſtupendous force,
None daring to appear antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion ſake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requeſted
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpicious led him; which when Samſon
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fix'd he ſtood, as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At laſt with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord ſuch other trial
I mean to ſhow you of my ſtrength, yet greater;

As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold."
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſy pillars
With horrible convulſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counſellors, or prieſts,
Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only
Of this but each Philiſtian city round
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this feaſt.
Samſon with theſe immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd who ſtood without.

CHORUS.

O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To Iſrael, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had ſlain before.

SEMICHORUS.

While their hearts were jocund and ſublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells

In Silo his bright ſanctuary:
Among them he a ſpi'rit of phrenzy ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

SEMICHORUS.

But he though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched roofts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſs'd, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,

Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt inactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

MANOAH.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; Samſon hath quit himſelf
Like Samſon, and heroicly hath finiſh'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the ſons of Caphtor
Through all Philiſtian bounds; to Iſrael
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion;
To' himſelf and father's houſe eternal fame;
And which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſt, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clotted gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy and funeral train
Home to his father's houſe: there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with ſhade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or ſweet lyric ſong.
Thither ſhall all the valiant youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high:
The virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

CHORUS.

All is beſt, though we oft doubt,
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witneſs gloriouſly; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontrollable intent;
His ſervants he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt
And calm of mind, all paſſion ſpent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

..... BACCARE FRONTEM
CINGITE, NE VATI NOCEAT MALA LINGUA FUTURO.
VIRGIL, ECLOG. 7.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING OF A COUGH.

1.

O FAIREST flow'r no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken primroſe fading timeleſsly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy bloſſom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

2.

For ſince grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boiſtrous rape th' Athenian damſel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infámous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

3.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far:
There ended was his queſt, there ceas'd his care,
Down he deſcended from his ſnow-ſoft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin ſoul from her fair biding place.

4.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did ſlay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' ſtrand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that ſo to change thee Winter had no power.

5.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhow'd thou waſt divine.

6.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hovereſt,

Whether above that high firſt-moving ſphere,
Or in th' Elyſian fields (if ſuch there were)
Oh ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

7.

Wert thou ſome ſtar which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak'd Olympus by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtall?
Or did of late Earth's ſons beſiege the wall
Of ſheeny Heav'n, and thou ſome Goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

8.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron ſage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,
Who having clad thyſelf in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed ſeat didſt poſt,
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhow what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire?

10.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

11.

Then thou the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's laſt end ſhall make thy name to live.

II.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH. THE LATIN SPEECHES ENDED, THE ENGLISH THUS BEGAN.

Hail native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc'd, ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:

Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtraight to do me once a pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimming ſlight
Which takes our late fantaſtics with delight,
But cull thoſe richeſt robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt ſpirits, and choiceſt wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair aſſembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chooſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Lift'ning to what unſhorn Apollo ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly ſire:
Then paſſing through the ſpheres of watchful fire,
And miſty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of ſnow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wiſe Demodocus once told
In ſolemn ſongs at king Alcinous feaſt,
While ſad Ulyſſes ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my room.

THEN ENS IS REPRESENTED AS FATHER OF THE PREDICAMENTS HIS TEN SONS, WHEREOF THE ELDEST STOOD FOR SUBSTANCE WITH HIS CANONS, WHICH ENS, THUS SPEAKING, EXPLAINS.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the earth;
Thy drowſy nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the room where thou didſt lie,

And ſweetly ſinging round about thy bed
Strow all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhouldſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage,
And in time's long and dark proſpective glaſs
Foreſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs;
Your ſon, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he ſhall reign as king,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling;
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers ſhall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

THE NEXT QUANTITY AND QUALITY SPAKE IN PROSE, THEN RELATION WAS CALLED BY HIS NAME.

Rivers ariſe; whether thou be the ſon
Of utmoſt Tweed, or Ooſe, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like ſome earth-born giant ſpreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn ſwift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of ſedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway ſmooth, or royal tow'red Thame.

[The reſt was Proſe.]

III.

ON

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

COMPOSED 1629.

1.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy ſages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

That glorious form, that light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the courts of everlaſting day,
And choſe with us a darkſome houſe of mortal clay.

3.

Say heav'nly muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a preſent to the infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the ſun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

4.

See how from far upon the eaſtern road
The ſtar-led wizards haſte with odours ſweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his ſecret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

1.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature in awe to him
Hath dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the ſun her luſty paramour.

2.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent ſnow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The ſaintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

3.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal peace through ſea and land.

4.

No war, or battle's ſound
Was heard the world around:
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovereign Lord was by.

5.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whiſt
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

6.

The ſtars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

7.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The ſun himſelf withheld his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater ſun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

8.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

9.

When ſuch muſic ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The air ſuch pleaſure loath to loſe,
With thouſand echoes ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

10.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplay'd,

Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'n's new-born heir.

12.

Such muſic (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

13.

Ring out ye cryſtal ſpheres,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have pow'r to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the baſe of Heav'n's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' angelic ſymphony.

14.

For if ſuch holy ſong
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckled Vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

15.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering,
And Heav'n, as at ſome feſtival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

16.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The babe lies yet in ſmiling infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorify:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder through the deep,

17.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghaſt,
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the centre ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle air ſhall ſpread his throne.

18.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,

And wroth to ſee his kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly horrour of his folded tail.

19.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell
Inſpires the pale-ey'd prieſt from the prophetic cell.

20.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent;
With flow'r-inwoven treſſes torn
The nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

21.

In conſecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the flamens at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar pow'r forgoes his wonted ſeat.

22.

Peor and Baälim
Forſake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd God of Paleſtine;
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now ſits not girt with tapers holy ſhine;
The Lybic Hammon ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

23.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the griſly king,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haſte.

24.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unſhowr'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark.

25.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn
Nor all the gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine:

Our babe to ſhow his godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands control the damned crew.

26.

So when the ſun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes
Fly after the night-ſteeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

27.

But ſee the virgin bleſt
Hath laid her babe to reſt,
Time is our tedious ſong ſhould here have ending:
Heav'n's youngeſt teemed ſtar
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd car,
Her ſleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly ſtable
Bright-harneſt angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

1.

Erewhile of muſic, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,

My muſe with angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

2.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeize ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Moſt perfect hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

3.

He ſov'reign Prieſt ſtooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethren's ſide.

4.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of lute, or viol ſtill more apt for mournful things.

5.

Befriend me, Night, beſt patroneſs of grief,
Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,

That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.

6.

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

7.

Mine eye hath found that ſad ſepulchral rock
That was the caſket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoften'd quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

8.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This ſubject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfied with what was begun, left it unfiniſhed.

V.

ON TIME.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt intomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme throne
Of him, t' whoſe happy-making ſight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,
Then all this earthy groſſneſs quit,
Attir'd with ſtars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriours bright
That erſt with muſic, and triumphant ſong,
Firſt heard by happy watchful ſhepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to ſeize!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great covenant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Entirely ſatisfied,
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious ſiſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſy preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure concent,
Aye ſung before the ſapphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With ſaintly ſhout, and ſolemn jubilee,
Where the bright ſeraphim in burning row
Their loud up-liſted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt ſpirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celeſtial concert us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

VIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth enter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;

But whether by miſchance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſh'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New ſhot up from vernal ſhow'r;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears,
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That to give the world increaſe,
Short'ned haſt thy own life's leaſe.
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy hearſe, to ſtrow the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright ſaint, high ſit'ſt in glory
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair Syrian ſhepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly-favour'd Joſeph bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing majeſty and light:
There with thee, new welcome ſaint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No marchioneſs, but now a queen.

IX.

SONG.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail bounteous May that doſt inſpire
Mirth and youth and warm deſire;

Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

What needs my Shakeſpear for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepúlchred in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XI.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

Here lies old Hobſon; Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And ſurely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one, who did moſt truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtraight.
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd:
"Nay," quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
"But vow," though the croſs doctors all ſtood hearers,
"For one carrier put down to make ſix bearers."
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdenſome,
That ev'n to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſs'd to death, he cry'd more weight;

lished 21 May 1796, for C. Dilly in the Poultry, and the rest of the Proprietors.

But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the ſeas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

XIII.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come thou goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as ſome ſager ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſithe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by friar's lantern led
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;

That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue;

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Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
The bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muſes in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing:

And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſceptred pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes, as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,

That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounct as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,

With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloiſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into ecſtaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

XV.

ARCADES.

PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY AT HAREFIELD, BY SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY, WHO APPEAR ON THE SCENE IN PASTORAL HABIT, MOVING TOWARD THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH THIS SONG.

1. SONG.

Look nymphs, and ſhepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry,
Too divine to be miſtook:
This, this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend;
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe;
Leſs than half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threads;

This, this is ſhe alone,
Sitting like a goddeſs bright,
In the centre of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe Latona be,
Or the tow'red Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity ſo unparallel'd?

AS THEY COME FORWARD, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD APPEARS, AND TURNING TOWARD THEM, SPEAKS.

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle ſwains, for though in this diſguiſe,
I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine Alpheus, who by ſecret ſluice
Stole under ſeas to meet his Arethuſe;
And ye, the breathing roſes of the wood,
Fair ſilver-buſkin'd nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great miſtreſs of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;

And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I ſave from nightly ill
Of noiſome winds, and blaſting vapours chill:
And from the boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the croſs dire-looking planet ſmites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumb'ring leaves, or taſſel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs;
But elſe in deep of night, when drowſineſs
Hath lock'd up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial Sirens harmony,
That ſit upon the nine infolded ſpheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceſſity,
And keep unſteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw

After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſic worthieſt were to blaze
The peerleſs height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds, yet as we go,
Whate'er the ſkill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtem
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſture's hem.

2. SONG.

O'er the ſmooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring,
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching elm ſtar-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and ſhepherds dance no more
By ſandy Ladon's lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loſs deplore,
A better ſoil ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us,
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's miſtreſs were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her,
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

XVI.

A

MASK

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, AFTERWARDS IN THE HABIT OF THYRSIS.

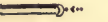
COMUS WITH HIS CREW.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA THE NYMPH.



THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

THE LORD BRACKLY.

MR. THOMAS EGERTON HIS BROTHER.

THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.

A

MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT DESCENDS OR ENTERS.

Before the ſtarry threſhold of Jove's court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal ſhapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inſpher'd
In regions mild of calm and ſerene air,
Above the ſmoke and ſtir of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feveriſh being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true ſervants
Amongſt the enthron'd Gods on ſainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity:
To ſuch my errand is; and but for ſuch,

I would not ſoil theſe pure ambroſial weeds
With the rank vapours of this ſin-worn mould.
But to my taſk. Neptune beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the ſea-girt iſles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned boſom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral government,
And gives them leave to wear their ſaphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Iſle,
The greateſt and the beſt of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling ſun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's ſtate,
And new-intruſted ſceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horrour of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from ſovereign Jove
I was diſpatch'd for their defence and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or ſong,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple grape

Cruſh'd the ſweet poiſon of miſuſed wine,
After the Tuſcan mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the Tyrrhene ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On Circe's iſland fell: (Who knows not Circe
The daughter of the ſun? whoſe charmed cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling ſwine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluſt'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a ſon
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a cryſtal glaſs,
To quench the drowth of Phœbus, which as they taſte,
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemp'rate thirſt)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.

Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to paſs through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the ſparkle of a glancing ſtar
I ſhoot from Heav'n, to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my ſky robes ſpun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a ſwain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft pipe, and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps, I muſt be viewleſs now.

COMUS ENTERS WITH A CHARMING ROD IN ONE HAND, HIS GLASS IN THE OTHER; WITH HIM A ROUT OF MONSTERS, HEADED LIKE SUNDRY SORTS OF WILD BEASTS, BUT OTHERWISE LIKE MEN AND WOMEN, THEIR APPAREL GLISTERING; THEY COME IN MAKING A RIOTOUS AND UNRULY NOISE, WITH TORCHES IN THEIR HANDS.

COMUS.

The ſtar that bids the ſhepherd fold
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the ſteep Atlantic ſtream,
And the ſlope ſun his upward beam

Shoots againſt the duſky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſour Severity
With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the ſtarry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful ſpheres,
Lead in ſwift round the months and years.
The ſounds and ſeas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny ſands and ſhelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes ſin,
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddeſs of nocturnal ſport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of mid-night torches burns; myſterious dame,

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eaſtern ſcout,
The nice morn on th' Indian ſteep
From her cabin loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale ſun deſcry
Our conceal'd ſolemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſte footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine art)
Benighted in theſe woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I ſhall ere long
Be well-ſtock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling ſpells into the ſpungy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe;

I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courteſy
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Wind me into the eaſy-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide,
And hearken, if I may, her buſineſs here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
Stept, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide
To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.

They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even,
Like a ſad votariſt in palmer's weed,
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likelieſt
They had engag'd their wand'ring ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, ere they could return,
Had ſtole them from me; elſe, O thieviſh Night,
Why ſhould'ſt thou, but for ſome felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus cloſe up the ſtars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear,
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And aery tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, conſcience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh'd form of Chaſtity;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,

Would ſend a gliſt'ring guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy aery ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the ſphere,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe ſuch divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they ſung would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf;
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with Pan, or Silvan, by bleſt ſong
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the proſp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay gentle ſhepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſs'd to unattending ears;

Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkneſs, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-uſhering guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a graſſy turf.

COMUS.

By falſehood, or diſcourteſy, or why?

LADY.

To ſeek i' th' valley ſome cool friendly ſpring.

COMUS.

And left your fair ſide all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How eaſy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

LADY.

No leſs than if I ſhould my brothers loſe.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

As ſmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.

Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the abour'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwinkt hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood:
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was awe-ſtruck,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good ſhepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of ſtar-light,
Would overtaſk the beſt land-pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild wood,

And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your ſtray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhrowd within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-rooſted lark
From her thatcht pallat rouſe; if otherwiſe
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoky rafters, than in tap'ſtry halls
And courts of princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd, lead on.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'ſt to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a ruſh-candle from the wicker hole

Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynoſure.

SECOND BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or ſound of paſt'ral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs virgin, our loſt ſiſter,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,

Or ſo unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired ſolitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

SECOND BROTHER.

'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecreſy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate houſe;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,

To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of miſers treaſure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte.
Of night, or lonelineſs it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my ſiſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſy:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine: ſhe' has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.

What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in cómplete ſteel,

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meagre hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o'th' woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence

With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnel vaults, and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring, and fitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

SECOND BROTHER.

How charming is divine philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off halloo break the ſilent air.

SECOND BROTHER.

Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome neighbour woodman, or, at worſt,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my ſiſter. Again, again, and near;
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, HABITED LIKE A SHEPHERD.

That halloo I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron ſtakes elſe.

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young lord? ſpeak again.

SECOND BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's ſhepherd, ſure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweeten'd every muſkroſe of the dale.

How cam'ſt thou here, good ſwain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling wether the pent flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich theſe downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee ſadly, ſhepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.

SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrſis? Prithee briefly ſhow.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage poets, taught by th' heav'nly muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire chimeras and inchanted iſles,
And rifted rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell;
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypreſs ſhades a ſorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep ſkill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſon's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavoury herb
Of knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous diſſonance;
At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpite to the drowſy flighted ſteeds,

That draw the litter of cloſe curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere ſhe was ware, and wiſh'd ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd lady, your dear ſiſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard hid in ſly diſguiſe
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent lady his wiſh'd prey,
Who gently aſk'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager.
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant; with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

SECOND BROTHER.

O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one virgin

Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely; not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory:
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come let's on.
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heaven
May never this juſt ſword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the griſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold empriſe;
But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead;
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prithee, ſhepherd,
How durſt thou then thyſelf approach ſo near,
As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain ſhepherd lad,
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well ſkill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That ſpreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken ev'n to ecſtaſy,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhow me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties:
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this ſoil:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull ſwain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly

That Hermes once to wife Ulyſſes gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of ſovereign uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt, or damp,
Or ghaſtly furies apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh'd blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,
But ſeize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce ſign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the ſons of Vulcan vomit ſmoke,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrſis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And ſome good angel bear a ſhield before us.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A STATELY PALACE, SET OUT WITH ALL MANNER OF DELICIOUSNESS: SOFT MUSIC, TABLES SPREAD WITH ALL DAINTIES. COMUS APPEARS WITH HIS RABBLE, AND THE LADY SET IN AN ENCHANTED CHAIR, TO WHOM HE OFFERS HIS GLASS, WHICH SHE PUTS BY, AND GOES ABOUT TO RISE.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaſter,
And you a ſtatue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: ſee here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Briſk as the April buds in primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds,
With ſpi'rits of balm, and fragrant ſyrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of ſuch pow'r to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal like an ill-borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted; but fair virgin,
This will reſtore all ſoon.

LADY.

'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſh'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou toldſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe ugly-headed monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With viſor'd falſehood, and baſe forgery?
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With liquoriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

COMUS.

O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the ſeas with ſpawn innumerable,

But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilk
To deck her ſons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worſhipt ore, and precious gems
To ſtore her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her ſons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangl'd with her waſte fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The ſea o'erfraught would ſwell, and th' unſought diamonds
Would ſo emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And ſo beſtud with ſtars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laſt
To gaze upon the ſun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that ſame vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, muſt not be hoarded,
But muſt be current, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' enjoyment of itſelf;

If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In courts, in feaſts, and high ſolemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teaſe the houſewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviſ'd, you are but young yet.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding falſe rules prankt in reaſon's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe good catereſs
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which newly pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd

In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit incumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the ſun-clad pow'r of chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath ſo well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

COMUS.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power;

And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To ſome of Satan's crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Againſt the canon laws of our foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſettlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all ſtraight, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.—

THE BROTHERS RUSH IN WITH SWORDS DRAWN, WREST HIS GLASS OUT OF HIS HAND, AND BREAK IT AGAINST THE GROUND; HIS ROUT MAKE SIGN OF RESISTANCE, BUT ARE ALL DRIVEN IN; THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT COMES IN.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the falſe enchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatcht his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fix'd, and motionleſs:
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the ſceptre from his father Brute.
She guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged Nereus hall,
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrow'd with aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in ambroſial oils till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the river; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of panſies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock

The claſping charm, and thaw the numbing ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled ſong,
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent wave,
In twiſted braids of lilies knitting
The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Liſten for dear honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majeſtic pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By ſcaly Triton's winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying Glaucus ſpell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,
By Thetis tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the ſongs of Sirens ſweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

SABRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMPHS, AND SINGS.

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank,
My ſliding chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with agate, and the azure ſheen
Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel ſtrays;
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the cowſlips velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle ſwain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand

To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity:
Brighteſt lady, look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd ſeat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold:
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

SABRINA DESCENDS, AND THE LADY RISES OUT OF HER SEAT.

SPIRIT.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchiſes line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:

Summer drowth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.
Come, lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the ſorcerer us entice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh'd preſence, and beſide
All the ſwains that near abide,
With jigs, and rural dance reſort;
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haſte, the ſtars grow high,
But night ſits monarch yet in the mid ſky.

THE SCENE CHANGES, PRESENTING LUDLOW TOWN AND THE PRESIDENT'S CASTLE; THEN COME IN COUNTRY DANCERS, AFTER THEM THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, WITH THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE LADY.

SONG.

SPIRIT.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next ſun-ſhine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch court guiſe
As Mercury did firſt deviſe
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

THIS SECOND SONG PRESENTS THEM TO THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a crown of deathleſs praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual folly, and intemperance.

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

To the ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that lie
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the gardens fair
Of Heſperus, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And weſt-winds with muſky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Caſſia's balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with Elyſian dew
(Liſt mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roſes,
Where young Adonis oft repoſes,

Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' Aſſyrian queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial Cupid her fam'd ſon advanc'd,
Holds his dear Pſyche ſweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free conſent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo Jove hath ſworn.
But now my taſk is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the ſphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itſelf would ſtoop to her.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

IN THIS MOMODY THE AUTHOR BEWAILS A LEARNED FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637, AND BY OCCASION FORETELS THE RUIN OF OUR CORRUPTED CLERGY, THEN IN THEIR HEIGHT.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin then, ſiſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhrowd.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the ſtar that roſe, at evening, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſt'ring wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloved heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the woods, and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.

As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherds ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream:
Ah me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there: for what could that have done?
What could the muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The muſe herſelf for her inchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs muſe?
Were it not better done as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpi'rit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,

And ſlits the thin ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the felon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flow'r inſcrib'd with woe.

Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his mitred locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But, ſwoll'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return Sicilian muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flowrets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe

Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrow the laureat hearſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ah me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.

Weep no more, woful ſhepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;

So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the ſaints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods and paſtures new.

XVIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS TE PUER IN ROSA,
RENDERED ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WITHOUT
RHIME, ACCORDING TO THE LATIN MEA-
SURE, AS NEAR AS THE LANGUAGE
WILL PERMIT.

What ſlender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roſes in ſome pleaſant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs? Oh how oft ſhall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and ſeas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern god of ſea.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

HORATIUS EX PYRRHÆ ILLECEBRIS TANQUAM E NAUFRAGIO ENATAVERAT, CUJUS AMORE IRRETITOS, AFFIRMAT ESSE MISEROS.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebit, et aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui ſemper vacuam ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whoſe ſin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil ſword
To force our conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whoſe life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with Paul,
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By ſhallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worſe than thoſe of Trent,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And ſuccour our juſt fears,
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Preſbyter is but Old Prieſt writ large.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi de te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi Amor meco insù la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d' amor, e come t'oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſierilo miglior t' arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, et altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, é il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſoléa
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma ſotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſentì pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante

L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d' invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How ſoon hath time, the ſubtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days fly on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure even
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great Taſk-maſter's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſeize,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er lands and ſeas,
Whatever clime the ſun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſe's bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To ſave th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth
Wiſely haſt ſhunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good earl, once president
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him, as that dishoneſt victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE

DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtyle;
The ſubject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, ſirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
That would have made Quintilian ſtare and gaſp,
Thy age, like our's, O Soul of ſir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
When thou taught'ſt Cambridge and king Edward
Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When ſtraight a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, aſſes, apes and dogs:
As when thoſe hinds that were transform'd to frogs

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the ſun and moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd ſong
Firſt taught our Engliſh muſic how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With Midas ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth air could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt verſe, and verſe muſt lend her wing
To honour thee, the prieſt of Phœbus quire,
That turn'ſt their happieſt lines in hymn, or ſtory.
Dante ſhall give fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his Caſella, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE

RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

DECEASED 16 DECEM. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthy load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth ſever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whoſe name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praiſe,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze

And rumours loud, that daunt remoteſt kings,
Thy firm unſhaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raiſe
Their Hydra heads, and the falſe North diſplays
Her broken league to imp their ſerpent wings.
O yet a nobler taſk awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endleſs war ſtill breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the ſhameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine ſhare the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchleſs fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way haſt plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Haſt rear'd God's trophies, and his work purſued,
While Darwen ſtream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field reſounds thy praiſes loud,
And Worceſter's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; peace hath her victories
No leſs renown'd than war: new foes ariſe
Threat'ning to bind our ſouls with ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free conſcience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in ſage counſel old,
Than whom a better ſenator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to ſettle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow ſtates hard to be ſpell'd,
Then to adviſe how war may beſt upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: beſides to know
Both ſpiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What ſevers each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either ſword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldeſt ſon.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd ſaints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,
When all our fathers worſhipt ſtocks and ſtones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy ſheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmonteſe that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple tyrant; that from theſe may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my ſoul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly aſk: But patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his ſtate
Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous ſon,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day, what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till Favonius re-inſpire
The frozen earth, and clothe in freſh attire
The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, whoſe grandfire, on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid reſt and Archimedes pauſe,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Cyriac, this three years day theſe eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereft of light their ſeeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth ſight appear
Of ſun, or moon, or ſtar throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but ſtill bear up and ſteer
Right onward. What ſupports me, doſt thou aſk?
The conſcience, friend, to' have loſt them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble taſk,
Of which all Europe talks from ſide to ſide.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain maſk
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653. TERZETTE.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muſe a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upſtand
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With iron ſceptre bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length ye Kings averſe,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leſt he appear
In anger and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSALM III.

AUGUST 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD how many are my foes!
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows

PSALM IV.

AUGUST 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraits and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chooſe he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay
Who yet will ſhow us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,
Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSALM V.

AUG. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a lie;
The bloody' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
Will tow'rds thy holy temple worſhip low.
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs,
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faultring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth;
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favour and good will.

PSALM VI.

AUG. 13, 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguiſh ach,
Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs ſake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of ſea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

PSALM VII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THH BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my ſoul aſunder,
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt and there outſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouſe thyſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their fury' aſſuage;
Judgment here thou didſt engage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their pow'r that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.

God is a juſt judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His miſchief that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the moſt high.

PSALM VIII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praiſe to ſet
Out of the tender mouths of lateſt birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings thou
Haſt founded ſtrength becauſe of all thy foes,
To ſtint th' enemy, and ſlack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppoſe.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers art,
The moon and ſtars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembereſt yet,

And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found?
Scarce to be leſs than gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or foreſt meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fiſh that through the wet
Sea paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL. 1648. J. M.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN ALL, BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARACTER, ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

PSALM LXXX.

1 Thou ſhepherd that doſt Iſrael *keep*
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſit'ſt between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaſſeh's ſight,
Awake thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
To ſave us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchſafe;*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy ſmoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Againſt thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hoſts *vouchſafe,*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A vine from Egypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ſt out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *overſpread,*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the ſea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go
With rudeſt violence?

13 The *tuſked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there browſe, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* vine.
15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hoſts *vouchſafe,*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a ſong,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* pſaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring.*
3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets *lofty ſound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn feaſt *comes round.*
4 This was a ſtatute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change,*
When as he paſs'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil,*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry ſoil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.

I anſwer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompaſs'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *ſleep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*
I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought,*
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear,*
Miſlik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wiſe,*
To ſerve me *all their days,*
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways.

14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his people, ſhould remain,*
Their time ſhould have no end.
16 And he would feed them *from the ſtock*
With flour of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great aſſembly ſtands
Of kings and lordly ſtates,
Among the Gods, on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment falſe and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 Regard the weak and fatherleſs,
Diſpatch the poor man's cauſe,
And raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By juſt and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And out of order gone.

6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The ſons of God moſt high;
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die.*
8 Riſe God, judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth redreſs,
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The nations all poſſeſs.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou ſilent *now at length,*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not ſtill O God of *ſtrength,*
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* ſwell,
And ſtorm outrageouſly,
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Againſt thy people they contrive
Their plots and counſels deep,
Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
Whom thou doſt hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the deſert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire,*
And *hateful* Amalek,
The Philiſtims, and they of Tyre,
Whoſe bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All theſe have lent their armed hands
To aid the ſons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That waſted all the coaſt,
To Siſera, and as *is told*
Thou didſt to Jabin's *hoſt,*
When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*
They were repuls'd and ſlain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped,
So let their princes ſpeed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſhall we ſeize
God's houſes, and *will now invade*
Their ſtately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtrays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 And till they yield thee honour due;
Lord fill with ſhame their face.
17 Aſham'd, and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* tabernacles are,
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near!
2 My ſoul doth long and almoſt die
Thy courts O Lord to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the ſparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt.*
The ſwallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the coaſts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe,
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where ſprings and ſhow'rs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoſts hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear,
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With ſin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both ſun and ſhield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them ſhall be withheld
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.

12 Lord *God* of Hoſts *that reign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only reſt.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve,*
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again revive,
That ſo thy people may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive.

7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew,
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtraight and* hear,
For to his people he ſpeaks peace,
And to his ſaints *full dear,*
To his dear ſaints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but furceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r,*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And Juſtice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His royal harbinger,
Then will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*
2 Preſerve my ſoul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the juſt,
Save thou thy ſervant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy ſervant's ſoul; for Lord to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs,*
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.

9 The nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting ſeat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt free'd my ſoul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free,
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtyl'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy handmaid's ſon.

17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There ſeated is his ſanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmoſt ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt,*
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt.
6 The Lord ſhall write it in a ſcroll
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred ſongs are there,
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my pray'r
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharg'd my ſoul doth lie,
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit,
I am a man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.
5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.*
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the loweſt pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn*,
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves*,
Full ſore doth preſs on me;
Thou break'ſt upon me all thy ways,
And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd ariſe
And praiſe thee *from their loathſome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell
On whom the grave *hath hold*,
Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be ſpent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſake,
And hide thy face from me?
15 That am already bruis'd, and ſhake
With terrour ſent from thee?
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrours undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me purſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PSALM WERE DONE BY THE AUTHOR AT FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

When the bleſt ſeed of Terah's faithful ſon
After long toil their liberty had won,
And paſt from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Iſrael ſhown,
His praiſe and glory was in Iſrael known.
That ſaw the troubled Sea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth-becurled head-

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains ſkipt like rams
Amongſt their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why ſkipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his cryſtal fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the preſence be aghaſt
Of him that ever was, and aye ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint ſtones guſh.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladſome mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
For his, &c.

Who did the ſolid earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, &c.

The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.
For his, &c.

And in deſpite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c.

The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.
For his, &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſteful wilderneſs.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his hoſt,
That rul'd the Amorrean coaſt.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.

And to his ſervant Iſrael
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For his, &c.

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c,

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth.
For his, &c.

That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNIS MILTONI,

LONDINENSIS,

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

Hæc quæ ſequuntur de authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,
MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,
AD
JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

AD
JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,
TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,
GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE
HETRUSCA, EPIGRAMMA
JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

Cede Meles, cedat depreſſa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL

SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI,

NOBILE INGLESE.

O D E.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di ſtelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umana eccede:
Queſta feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù ſbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee traſſe il più raro.

Coſi l'Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante

Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſcegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſar l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa trofeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il ſuo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaromente conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un fermin ſi gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o ſtoria
Furon gia, l'hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Dì farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno parreggiar Permeſſo.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO FIORENTINO.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novis Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu ſapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœleſtium ſphærarum ſonitus aſtronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra philoſophia le-

genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite aſſidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patricius Florentinus,

TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum.
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet uſque minas preferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, et effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et ſpecto, juvat et ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas ſpirantia ſidera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellaceſque genas, ad quos hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, et ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Muſa columnas
Jactet, et Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,

Quot tibi conſpicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roſeam poſt habitura Cypron.
Aſt ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Te, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.

Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, ætherea miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet et totis mœnia mœſta ſcholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres,
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos et jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis:

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi digniſſime Præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa,
Nec ſinis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos:
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racimiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sidereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate veni, et patri felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES ANGLICOS, HAMBURGÆ AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

Curre per immenſum ſubitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obſtet euntí,
Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides ſollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præſul Chriſticolas paſcere doctus oves;
Ille quidem eſt animæ pluſquam pars altera noſtræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctiſſime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoſo magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte receſſus
Luſtrabam, et bifidi ſacra vireta jugi,
Pierioſque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlori ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrùm
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei,
Cæleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
Fiat et hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe fariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et ſata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit et æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, et ſaxis ſævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit et denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt?
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et ſonitus me facer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profucrint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, et ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In verſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, et cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.

Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſidera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, et ſenſim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat et noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD

CAROLUM DEODATUM

RURI COMMORANTEM,

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS ESSENT BONA, QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS EXCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFFIRMABAT, HOC HABUIT RESPONSUM.

Mitto tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Qua tu diſtento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosaque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, susumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest, elegis, Eratoque, Cereque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, et caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ, et luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu ſiquid agam ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,

Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, ſed et has decuiſſe putares,
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle minas.
Et miſer exemplo ſapuiſſes tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam fortè aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coràm triſtia verba loqui;
Forſitan et duro non eſt adamante creata,
Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
Solus et in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe ſagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

Siccine tentaſti cœlo donâſſe Iäcobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

IN EANDEM.

Purgatorem animæ deriſit Iäcobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
Supplicium ſpreta relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

IN EANDEM.

Quem modò Roma ſuit devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem:
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

AD
LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major,
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

AD EANDEM.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpore Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

Rusticus ex malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
  Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
  Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
  Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
  Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
  (Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
  Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipſe parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

ANNO ÆTATIS 16.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſsùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.

Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.

Læſiſſet et nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genetricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicos in undis,

Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.

At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.

Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, et ex tuo

Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latêque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificûſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus et hoſtis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthero vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, et ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Trojæ.

At ſimul hanc opibuſque et feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ob ore Tiphœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falſâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis miçuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, et ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune falaces,
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa proboſcæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,

Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longe fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli:
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas,

Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Adhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, et ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;

Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſiderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, et regiam cryſtallinam, et
Stratum ſmaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat eſt in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an et inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, et Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,

Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulfis fedibus Hæmi
Diffultabit apex, imoque allifa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In fuperos quibus ufus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aftris
Confuluit rerum fummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine fummo
Singula perpetuum juffit fervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapfu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos focià vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud folito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criftatâ caffide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruícat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; fed femper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per figna rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formofus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pafcua cœli,
Temporis et gemino difpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, folitoque fragore
Lurida perculfas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, fpiratque hyemem, nimbofque volutat.
Utque folet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumftrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaftâ mole minorem

Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet et puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, et vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unuſque et univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;

Seu ſempiternus ille ſiderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore ſiderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxit ſcholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;

Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, et tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit fibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Maurufius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, et poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,

Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe Camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotâque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὁτε παιδες, ὁτ' αγλαα φυλ' Ιακωβ
Αιγυπτιον λιπε δημον, απεχθεα, βαρβαροφωνον,
Δη τοτε μεγον εην ὁσιον γενος υἱες Ιθδα.

Εν δε θεος λαοισι μεγα κρειων βασιλευεν.
Ειδε και εντροπαδην φυγαδ' ερρωησε θαλασσα
Κυματι ειλυμενη ῥοθιῳ, ὁδ' αρ' εστυφελιχθη
Ἱρος Ιορδανης ποτι αργυροειδεα πηγην.
Εκ δ' ορεα σκαρθμοῖσιν απειρεσια κλονεονλο,
Ὡς κριοι σφριγόωνλες εϋτραφερῳ εν αλωη.
Βαιοτεραι δ' ἁμα πασαι ανασκιρτησαν εριπναι,
Ὁια παραι συριγγι φιλῃ ὑπο μητερι αρνες.
Τιπ'λε συγ' αινα θαλασσα πελωρ φυγαδ' ερρωησας
Κυματι ειλυμενη ροθιῳ; τι δ' αρ εστυφελιχθης
Ἱρος Ιορδανη ποτι αργυροειδεα πηγην;
Τιπ'ῖ ορεα σκαρθμοισιν απειρεσια κλονεεσθε
Ὡς κριοι σφριγοωνλης εϋτραφερῳ εν αλωη;
Βαιοτεραι τι δ' αρ ὑμμες ανασκιρτησατ' εριπναι,
Ὁια παραι συριγγι φιλῃ ὑπο μητερι αρνες;
Σειεο γαια τρεσσα θεον μεγαλ' εκτυπεονλα
Γαια θεον τρεισσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ισσακιδαο,
Ὅς τε και εκ σπιλαδων ποταμβς χεε μορμυρονλας,
Κρηγηνθ' αεναον πετρης απο δακρυοεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI EUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS FORTE CAPTUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, την επι θανατῳ πορευομενος HÆC SUBITO MISIT.

Ω ανα ει ολεσης με τον εννομον, βδε τιν' ανδρων
Δεινον ὁλως δρασανλα, σοφωτατον ισθι καρηνον
Ρηϊδιως αφελοιο, το δ' ὑστερον αυθι νοησεις,
Μαψιδιως δ' αρ επειτα τεον προς θυμον οδυρη,
Τοιον δ' εκ πολιος περιωνυμον αλκαρ ολεσσας.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Λμαθει γεγραφθαι χειρι τηνδε μεν εικονα
Φαιης ταχ' αν, ωρος ειδος αυτοφυες βλεπων.
Τον δ' εκλυπωτον εκ επιγνοτες φιλοι
Γελατε φαυλε δυσμιμημα ζωγραφε.

AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum;
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, Camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Qamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;

Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Leſbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque et ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum ſtudio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme Conquiſtata, lib. 20.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
> Riſplende il Manſo . . . .

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

Hæc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, et æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, et nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabare Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, et lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herboſâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, et famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſilvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, et miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, et Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan et noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certe bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) et tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis et Damon ejuſdem viciniæ paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, et rem ita eſſe comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitud nem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſedetque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit et immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam nou vocat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentûm.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, et deſuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ,
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ferum expecto, ſupra caput imber et Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſylvæ.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
"Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,
"Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;"
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et ſidera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrſi, futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, et ſemper amorem
Jure petit; bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitat, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi fors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit, roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi fors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe, "vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra."
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt et apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm,
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecêre magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite, ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis, fiſtula, pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, et fuſca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſſi, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube phare-
træ,
Arma coruſca faces, et ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu, cœli poſt jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrſo.

JAN. 23, 1646.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,

DE LIBRO POEMATUM AMISSO, QUEM ILLE SIBI DENUO MITTI POSTULABAT, UT CUM ALIIS NOSTRIS IN BIBLIOTHECA PUBLICA REPONERET, ODE.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede;

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,

Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam
In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ;

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creuſâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnaſſi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum, livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατα σχεσιν, partim απολελυμενα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

AD

CHRISTINAM,

SUECORUM REGINAM NOMINE CROMWELLI.

Bellipotens Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

SELECT NOTES

ON THE

PARADISE REGAINED.

In order to introduce to more general notice this *elegant* Poem, which has been ſtrangely neglected, though it abounds with MORAL inſtruction peculiarly adapted to the juvenile age, it has been judged proper to inſert NOTES upon it, illuſtrative of its Beauties, and explanatory of its more difficult or obſcure paſſages.

The limits of our volume will not allow us to *continue* the comment through the other Poems, nor is it indeed ſo requiſite, as their Beauties are generally felt, and as they are read and ſtudied by thoſe who paſs over the PARADISE REGAINED with a careleſſneſs bordering on contempt.

PARADISE REGAINED*.

BOOK I.

"MILTON,*" says Mr. Hayley, "had already executed one ex-
"tensive divine poem, peculiarly distinguished by richness and sub-
"limity of description: in framing a second he naturally wished to
"vary its effect; to make it rich in moral sentiment, and sublime in
"its mode of unfolding the highest wisdom that man can learn; for
"this purpose it was necessary to keep all the ornamental parts of the
"poem in due subordination to the precept. This delicate and difficult
"point is accomplished with such felicity, they are blended together
"with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of ar-
"raigning the plan, we might rather doubt if any possible change could
"improve it. Assuredly there is no poem of an epic form, where the
"sublimest moral is so forcibly and so abundantly united to poetical
"delight: the splendor of the poet does not blaze indeed so intensely
"as in his larger production; here he resembles the Apollo of Ovid,
"softening his glory in speaking to his son, and avoiding to dazzle the
"fancy that he may descend into the heart."

Hayley's Life of Milton.

"To censure the PARADISE REGAINED, because it does not more
"resemble the PARADISE LOST, is hardly less absurd, than it would
"be to condemn the Moon for not being a Sun, instead of admiring
"the two different luminaries, and feeling that both the greater and the
"less are equally the work of the same divine and inimitable power."

Ibid.

line 1. *page* 3. *I, who ere while the happy garden sung*
By one man's disobedience lost,—]

The sun of Milton's genius appears to be setting in this poem; but the sunset is a beautiful object, when the evening clouds are tinged with gold and purple.

Knox.

l. 3. *p.* 3. *Recover'd Paradiſe*—]

It may ſeem a little odd that Milton ſhould impute the recovery of Paradiſe to this ſhort ſcene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c. But the reaſon no doubt was, that Paradiſe, *regained* by our Saviour's reſiſting the temptations of Satan, might be a better contraſt to Paradiſe, *loſt* by our firſt parents too eaſily yielding to the ſame ſeducing ſpirit. Beſides he might, very probably, and indeed very reaſonably, be apprehenſive, that a ſubject, ſo extenſive as well as ſublime, might be too great a burden for his declining conſtitution, and a taſk too long for the ſhort term of years he could then hope for. Even in his Paradiſe Loſt he expreſſes his fears, leſt he had begun too late, and leſt *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, ſhould have damp'd his intended wing*; and ſurely he had much greater cauſe to dread the ſame now, and to be very cautious of launching out too far. *Thyer.*

l. 8. *p.* 3. ——— *who ledſt this glorious eremite*
Into the deſert,—]

It is ſaid, Mat. iv. 1. *Then was Jeſus led up of the ſpirit into the wilderneſs, to be tempted of the devil.* And from the Greek original ερημος the deſert, and ερημιτης an inhabitant of the deſert, is rightly formed the word *eremite*; which was uſed before by Milton in his Paradiſe Loſt, iii. 474.

And by Fairfax, in his tranſlation of Taſſo, Cant. 11. St. 4.

And in Italian, as well as in Latin, there is *eremita*, which the French, and we after them, contract into *hermite*, *hermit*. *Newton.*

l. 11. *p.* 3. ——— *inſpire,*
As thou art wont, my prompted ſong, elſe mute,]

In the very fine opening of the NINTH book of the PARADISE LOST, Milton thus ſpeaks of *the inſpiration of the muſe:*

If anſwerable ſtill I can obtain
Of my celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation, unimplor'd,
And DICTATES TO ME SLUMBERING, OR INSPIRES
EASY MY UNPREMEDITATED VERSE.

So alſo in his invocation of *Urania*, at the beginning of the SEVENTH book.

More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, WHILE THOU
VISIT'ST MY SLUMBERS NIGHTLY, OR WHEN MORN
PURPLES THE EAST; ſtill govern thou my ſong,
URANIA.—

And in the introduction to the ſecond book of *The Reaſon of Church Government urged againſt Prelacy*, where he promiſes to undertake ſomething, he yet knows not what, that may be of uſe and honour to his country, he adds, "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer "to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and know-"ledge, and ſends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his "altar, to touch and purify whom he pleaſes."—Here then we ſee, that Milton's invocations of the Divine Spirit were not merely *exordia pro formâ*.—Indeed his proſe works are not without their invocations.

12. *p.* 3. ——————— *my prompted ſong, elſe mute,*]

Milton's third wife, who ſurvived him many years, related of him, that he uſed to compoſe his poetry chiefly in winter; and on his waking in a morning would make her write down ſometimes twenty or thirty verſes. Being aſked, whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, ſhe underſtood it as an imputation upon him for ſtealing from thoſe authors, and anſwered with eagerneſs, "he ſtole from nobody "but the Muſe who inſpired him;" and, being aſked by a lady preſent who the Muſe was, replied, "IT WAS GOD'S GRACE AND THE "HOLY SPIRIT THAT VISITED HIM NIGHTLY."

Newton's Life of Milton.

Mr. Richardſon alſo ſays, that "Milton would ſometimes lie awake "whole nights, but not a verſe could he make; and on a ſudden his "poetical fancy would ruſh upon him with an *impetus* or *æſtrum*."

Johnſon's Life of Milton.

14. *p.* 3. *With proſperous wing full ſumm'd,*—]

We have the like expreſſion in Paradiſe Loſt, vii. 421.

They SUMM'D their pens ——

It is a term in falconry. A hawk is said to be *full fumm'd*, when all his feathers are grown, when he wants nothing of the *fum* of his feathers, *cui nihil de* SUMMA *pennarum deeſt*, as Skinner ſays.

Newton.

44. *p.* 4. *O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,*]

So the devil is called in ſcripture *the prince of the power of the air*, Eph. ii. 2. and evil ſpirits are termed the *rulers of the darkneſs of this world*, Eph. vi. 12. Satan here ſummons a council, and opens it as he did in the PARADISE LOST: but here is not that copiouſneſs and variety which is in the other; here are not different ſpeeches and ſentiments adapted to the different characters; it is a council without a debate; Satan is the only ſpeaker. And the author, as if conſcious of this defect, has artfully endeavoured to obviate the objection, by ſaying that their danger

——— admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd.

And afterwards,

——— no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief.

The true reaſon is, he found it impoſſible to exceed or equal the ſpeeches in his former council, and therefore has aſſigned the beſt reaſon he could for not making any in this. *Newton.*

83. *p.* 6. *A perfect dove deſcend,*—]

Vida, like Milton, deſcribes the Holy Ghoſt deſcending as a "perfect dove;"

Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fulſit,
Et ſuperûm vaſto intonuit domus alta fragore:
Inſuper et cœli claro delapſa columba eſt
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma
Terga, ſed auratis circum et rutilantibus alis:
Jamque viam late ſignans ſuper aſtitit ambos,
Cœleſtique aurâ pendens afflavit utrumque.
Vox ſimul et magni rubrâ genitoris ab æthrâ
Audita eſt, nati dulcem teſtantis amorem.

Chriſtiad. iv. 214.

l. 131. *p.* 7. *Thou and all Angels converſant on earth,*
With man or men's affairs,—]

This ſeems to be taken from the verſes attributed to Orpheus;

Αγγελοι, οισι μεμηλε βροτοις ὡς παντα τελειται.

Newton.

l. 168. *p.* 8. *So ſpake the eternal Father, and all Heaven*
Admiring ſtood a ſpace,—]

We cannot but take notice of the great art of the poet in ſetting forth the dignity and importance of his ſubject. He repreſents all beings as intereſted one way or other in the event. A council of devils is ſummoned; an aſſembly of angels is held. Satan is the ſpeaker in the one; the Almighty in the other. Satan expreſſes his diffidence, but ſtill reſolves to make trial of this Son of God; the Father declares his purpoſe of proving and illuſtrating his Son. The infernal crew are diſtracted and ſurpriſed with deep diſmay; all Heaven ſtands a while in admiration. The fiends are ſilent through fear and grief; the angels burſt forth into ſinging with joy and the aſſured hopes of ſucceſs. And their attention is thus engaged, the better to engage the attention of the reader. *Newton.*

l. 182. *p.* 9. ——————————— *vigils tun'd:]*

This is a very uncommon expreſſion, and not eaſy to be underſtood, unleſs we ſuppoſe, that by *vigils* the poet means thoſe ſongs which they ſung while they kept their watches. Singing of hymns is their manner of keeping their *wakes* in Heaven. And I ſee no reaſon why their evening ſervice may not be called *vigils*, as their morning ſervice is called *matins*. *Newton.*

l. 189. *p.* 9. *One day walk'd forth alone, the Spirit leading,*
And his deep thoughts,—]

In what a fine light does Milton here place that text of Scripture, where it is ſaid that *Jeſus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderneſs!* He adheres ſtrictly to the inſpired hiſtorian, and at the ſame time gives it a turn which is extremely poetical. *Thyer.*

l. 201. *p.* 9. *When I was yet a child, no childiſh play*
To me was pleaſing;—]

How finely and conſiſtently does Milton here imagine the youthful meditations of our Saviour! How different from, and ſuperiour to, that

ſuperſtitious trumpery, which one meets with in the *Evangelium Infantiæ*, and other ſuch apocryphal traſh! Vid. Fabricii Cod. Apoc. N. Teſt. *Thyer.*

He ſeems to allude to Callimachus, who ſays elegantly of young Jupiter, Hymn. in Jov. 56.

Οξυ δ' αναζησας, ταχινοι δε τοι ηλθον ιωλοι.
Αλλ' ετι παιδνω εων εφρασσαο παντα τελεια.

Swift thy growth, and early was thy bloom,
But earlier wiſdom crown'd thy infant days.

Jortin.

Henry Stephens's tranſlation of the latter verſe is very much to our purpoſe.

Verum ætate puer, digna es meditatus adulta:

or rather his more paraphraſtical tranſlation,

Verum ætate puer, puerili haud more ſolebas
Ludere; ſed jam tum tibi ſeria cuncta placebant,
Digna ætate animus jam tum volvebat adulta.

And Pindar in like manner praiſes Demophilus. Pyth. Od. iv. 501. Κειν' γαρ εν παισι νεω, εν δε βυλαις πρεσβυς. Our author might allude to theſe paſſages, but he certainly did allude to the words of the Apoſtle, 1 Cor. xiii. 11. only inverting the thought, *When I was a child, I ſpake as a child, &c.* *Newton.*

l. 218. *p.* 10. *Then to ſubdue and quell, o'er all the earth,*
Brute violence, and proud tyrannic power,]

Thus in his Samſon Agoniſtes,

O! how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of JUST men long OPPRESS'D,
When God into the hands of their DELIVERER
Puts INVINCIBLE might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the OPPRESSOR,
The brute and boiſterous force of VIOLENT men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
TYRANNIC POWER, but raging to purſue
The RIGHTEOUS and all ſuch as honour TRUTH;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,

With PLAIN HEROIC MAGNITUDE OF MIND
And celeſtial vigour arm'd.——

l. 221. *p.* 10. *Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, firſt, &c.*]

The true ſpirit of toleration breathes in theſe lines, and the ſentiment is very fitly put into the mouth of him, who *came not to deſtroy men's lives, but to ſave them.* *Newton.*

l. 222. *p.* 10. *By winning words to conquer willing hearts,*]

Virgil GEORG. iv. 561.

——————— victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura ———————

which expreſſion of Virgil ſeems to be taken from Xenophon, Oeconomic. xxi. 12. Ου γαρ παυ μοι δοκει ὁλον τὴν το αγαθον ανθρωπινον ειναι, αλλα Θειον, το εθελοντων αρχειν. *Jortin.*

l. 227. *p.* 10. ——————— *my mother ſoon perceiving*
——————————— *inly rejoic'd,*]

Virgil, ÆN. i. 502.

Latonæ TACITUM pertentant gaudia pectus. *Jortin.*

l. 255. *p.* 11. *Juſt Simeon and prophetic Anna,*—]

It may not be improper to remark how ſtrictly our author adheres to the Scripture hiſtory, not only in the particulars which he relates, but alſo in the very epithets which he affixes to the perſons; as here *Juſt Simeon,* becauſe it is ſaid, Luke ii. 25, *and the ſame man was juſt:* and *prophetic Anna,* becauſe it is ſaid, Luke ii. 36, *and there was one Anna a propheteſs.* The like accuracy may be obſerved in all the reſt of this ſpeech. *Newton.*

l. 262. *p.* 11. ——— *and ſoon found of whom they ſpake*
I am—]

The Jews thought that the Meſſiah, when he came, would be without all power and diſtinction, and *unknown even to himſelf,* till Elias had anointed and declared him. Χριςὸς δε ει και γεγεννῆαι, και ες πυ, αγνως ὸς ες, και ηδε αυτος πω ἑαυτον επιςαται, ηδε εχει δυναμιν τινα, μεχρις αν ελθων Ηλιας χριση αυτον, και φανερον παςι ποιηση. Juſt. Mart. Dial. cum Tryph. p. 266. Ed. Col. *Calton.*

l. 294. *p.* 12. *So ſpake our Morning Star*—]

So our Saviour is called in the Revelation, xxii. 16, *the bright and morning ſtar.* *Newton.*

And thus Spenſer, in his HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE,

O bleſſed well of love! O flowre of grace!
O glorious MORNING STAR! O lamp of light!
Moſt lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal king of glory, Lord of might,
Meek Lamb of God before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

l. 302. *p.* 13. *Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill Sometimes, anon on ſhady vale, &c.*]

Here the Poet of Paradiſe Loſt breaks out in his meridian ſplendour. There is ſomething particularly picturesque in this deſcription.

l. 312. *p.* 13. *The fiery ſerpent fled and noxious worm,*]

The word *worm*, though joined with the epithet noxious, may give too low an idea to ſome readers; but, as we obſerved upon the Paradiſe Loſt, IX. 1068, where Satan is called *falſe worm*, it is a general name for the reptile kind; and a ſerpent is called the mortal worm, by Shakeſpear, 2 HENRY SIXTH, Act III. *Newton.*

l. 458. *p.* 18. ——————— *Delphos,*—]

In the famous controverſy about ancient and modern learning, Mr. Wotton reproves Sir William Temple for putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* every where in his Eſſays. Mr. Boyle juſtifies it, and ſays that it is uſed by all the fineſt writers of our tongue, and beſt judges of it, particularly Waller, Dryden, Creech, &c. If theſe authorities may juſtify Sir William Temple, they may alſo juſtify Milton; but certainly the true way of writing it is not *Delphos* in the accuſative caſe, but *Delphi* in the nominative. *Newton.*

BOOK II.

l. 1. *p.* 23. *Mean while the new baptis'd, &c.*—]

The greateſt, and indeed juſteſt, objection to this Poem is the narrowneſs of its plan, which, being confined to that ſingle ſcene of our Saviour's life on earth, his Temptation in the Deſert, has too much ſameneſs in it, too much of the reaſoning, and too little of the deſcriptive part; a defect moſt certainly in an epic poem, which ought to conſiſt of a proper and happy mixture of the inſtructive and the delightful. Milton was himſelf, no doubt, ſenſible of this imperfection, and has therefore very judiciouſly contrived and introduced all the little digreſſions that could with any ſort of propriety connect with his ſubject, in order to relieve and refreſh the reader's attention. The following converſation betwixt Andrew and Simon upon the miſſing of our Saviour ſo long, with the Virgin's reflections on the ſame occaſion, and the council of the Devils how beſt to attack their enemy, are inſtances of this ſort, and both very happily executed in their reſpective ways. The language of the former is cool and unaffected, correſponding moſt exactly to the humble pious character of the ſpeakers: that of the latter is full of energy and majeſty, and not inferiour to their moſt ſpirited ſpeeches in the Paradiſe Loſt. *Thyer.*

l. 42. *p.* 24. ——— *God of Iſrael,*
Send thy Meſſiah forth, &c.]

This ſudden turn and breaking forth into prayer to God is beautiful. The prayer itſelf is conceived very much in the ſpirit of the Pſalms, and almoſt in the words of ſome of them. *Newton.*

l. 153. *p.* 28. *Set women in his eye, &c.*]

As this temptation is not mentioned in the Goſpels, it could not with any propriety have been propoſed to our Saviour; it is much more fitly made the ſubject of debate among the wicked ſpirits themſelves. All that can be ſaid in praiſe of the power of beauty, and all that can be alleged to depreciate it, is here ſummed up with greater force and elegance, than I ever remember to have ſeen in any other author.

Newton.

l. 186. *p.* 29. ——— *Caliſto, Clymene,*
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx,—]

All theſe miſtreſſes of the gods might have been furniſhed from Ovid, who is ſaid to have been our Author's favourite Latin Poet. Indeed that he was ſo at an early period of life, appears from Milton's frequent imitations of him in his juvenile Latin Poems.—For *Caliſto*, ſee Ovid. MET. ii. 409. et FAST. ii. 155.—For *Clymene*, the mother of *Phaeton*, MET. i. *ad finem.*—*Daphne*; MET. i. 452.—*Semele*; MET. iii. 253.—*Antiopa*; MET. vi. 110.—*Amymone*; EPIST. xix. 131. et 1. AMOR. x. 5.—*Syrinx*; MET. i. 690.

The ſtory of Caliſto is recorded alſo by Milton's favourite tragic poet Euripides.

Ω μακαρ Αρκαδια πόλε παρθενε
Καλλιςοι, Διος 'α λεχεων επε-
-βας, τετραβαμοσι γυιοις
'Ως πολυ ματρος εμας ελαχες πλεον.

Euripid. HELEN. 381.

Happy Caliſto, thou Arcadian nymph,
That didſt aſcend the couch of Jove; transform'd
To a four-footed ſavage, far more bleſt
Art thou, than ſhe to whom I owe my birth.

Wodhull.

And Semele is mentioned in his HYPPOLITUS, v. 456.

'Οσοι μεν ουν γραφας τε των παλαιτερων
Εχουσιν, αυτοι τ' εισιν εν μουσαις αει,
Ισασι μεν, Ζευς 'ως πόθ' ηρασθη γαμων
Σεμελης. ———

They who with ancient writings have convers'd,
And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine,
Know how to Theban Semele's embrace
Flew amorous Jove. ——— *Wodhull.*

The ſtory of Antiopa, or Antiope, is recorded likewiſe by Propertius, (L. iii. EL. 14.) a Poet whom (as Mr. Warton obſerves) Milton has occaſionally imitated. Antiope is alſo mentioned in a Greek Epigram, in the Anthologia, where four of Jupiter's principal amours,

and the diſguiſes under which he accompliſhed them, are recited with the uſual Greek epigrammatic brevity.

Ζευς, Κυκνος, Ταυρος, ΣΑΤΥΡΟΣ, χρυσος δι' ερωτης
Ληδης, Ευρωπης, ΑΝΤΙΟΠΗΣ, Δαναης. *Dunſter.*

l. 190. *p.* 29. *Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,*]

Caliſto, Semele, and *Antiopa,* were miſtreſſes to Jupiter; *Clymene* and *Daphne* to *Apollo*; and *Syrinx* to *Pan.*—Both here and elſewhere Milton conſiders the gods of the heathens as demons or devils. Thus, in the Septuagint verſion of the Pſalms; Παντες οἱ θεοι των εθνων δαιμονια. Pſalm xcvi. 5. (and likewiſe in the Vulgate Latin, *Quoniam omnes Dii gentium dæmonia.)* And the notion of the demons having commerce with women in the ſhape of the heathen gods is very ancient, and is expreſsly aſſerted by Juſtin Martyr. *See* Apol. i. P. 10. et 33. edit. Thirlbii. *Newton.*

l. 190. *p.* 29. ——————— *Pan,*
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan?—]

Unleſs the goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with PAN, OR SYLVAN,— COMUS, 267.

Milton notices all theſe rural demi-gods and their amours, in his beautiful Latin Elegy, IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

l. 196. *p.* 29. *Remember that Pellean conqueror,*]

Alexander the Great was born at *Pella* in Macedonia: his continence and clemency to Darius's queen and daughters, and the other Perſian ladies whom he took captive after the battle of Iſſus, are commended by the hiſtorians. Tum quidem ita ſe geſſit, ut omnes ante eum reges et continentia et clementia vincerentur. Virgines enim regias excellentis formæ tam ſancte habuit, quam ſi eodem quo ipſe parente genitæ forent: conjugem ejuſdem, quam nulla ætatis ſuæ pulchritudine corporis vicit, adeo ipſe non violavit, ut ſummam adhibuerit curam, ne quis captivo corpori illuderet, &c. Quint. Curt. lib. iii. cap. 9. He was then a young conqueror, of about twenty-three years of age, *a youth,* as Milton expreſſes it. *Newton.*

l. 199. *p.* 29. *How he ſirnam'd of Africa diſmiſs'd,*
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.]

The continence of Scipio Africanus at the age of twenty-four, and his generoſity in reſtoring a beautiful Spaniſh lady to her huſband and

friends, are celebrated by Polybius, Livy, Valerius Maximus, and various other authors. *Newton.*

l. 214. *p.* 30. ——— *(as the zone of Venus once*
Wrought that effect on Jove, ſo fables tell,)]

Η, και απο ςηθεσφιν ελυσατο κεςον ιμανλα,
Ποικιλον· ενθα δε οι θελκληρια παντα τετυκτο·
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριςυς,
Παρφασις, ἡ τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων.

Iliad. xiv. 214.

She ſaid. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Pope.*

l. 215. *p.* 30. ——————— *ſo fables tell,*]

The words *ſo fables tell* look as if the Poet had forgot himſelf, and ſpoke in his own perſon rather than in the character of Satan. *Newton.*

l. 216. *p.* 30. ——— *one look from his majeſtic brow,*
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,]

Here is the conſtruction that we often meet with in Milton: from his majeſtic brow, that is, from the majeſtic brow *of him* ſeated as on the top of virtue's hill: and the expreſſion of *virtue's hill* was probably in alluſion to the rocky eminence on which the virtues are placed in the table of Cebes, or the arduous aſcent up the hill to which virtue is repreſented pointing in the beſt deſigns of *the judgment of Hercules.* *Newton.*

Milton's meaning here is beſt illuſtrated by a paſſage in Shakeſpeare; which moſt probably he had in his mind.—Hamlet, in the ſcene with his mother, pointing to the picture of his father, ſays,

See what a GRACE was SEATED ON THAT BROW!

Hyperion's curls, the front of JOVE himſelf;
An eye, like Mars to threaten or command, &c.

Thus alſo, in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST,

What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye,
Dares look upon THE HEAVEN OF HER BROW,
That is not BLINDED BY HER MAJESTY?

Act III. Sc. 4.

l. 266. *p.* 32. *Him thought,—*]

We ſay now, and more juſtly, *he thought*; but *him thought* is of the ſame conſtruction as *me thought*, and is uſed by our old writers, as by Fairfax, Cant. 13. St. 40.

HIM THOUGHT he heard the ſoftly whiſtling wind.

Newton.

l. 308. *p.* 33. *The fugitive bond-woman, with her ſon*
Outcaſt Nebaioth,—]

Hagar, who fled from the face of her miſtreſs, Gen. xvi. 6, is therefore called a *fugitive:* her ſon was not a fugitive, but an *out-caſt*; ſo exact was our author in the uſe of his epithets.

l. 313. *p.* 33. *Native of Thebez,—*]

Thebez is the ſame as *Theſbe*, or *Thiſbe*, or *Tiſhbe*, the birth-place of the prophet Elijah. *Newton.*

l. 313. *p.* 33. ——————— *wandering here was fed*]

It appears that Milton conceived the wilderneſs, where Hagar wandered with her ſon, and where the Iſraelites were fed with manna, and where Elijah retreated from the rage of Jezebel, to be the ſame with the wilderneſs where our Saviour was tempted. And yet it is certain, that they were very different places; for the wilderneſs where Hagar wandered was *the wilderneſs of Beer-ſheba*, Gen. xxi. 14; and where the Iſraelites were fed with manna was *the wilderneſs of Sin*, Exod. xvi. 1; and where Elijah retreated was *in the wilderneſs, a day's journey from Beer-ſheba*, 1 Kings, xix. 4; and where our Saviour was tempted was the *wilderneſs near Jordan.* But our author conſiders all that tract of country as one and the ſame wilderneſs, though diſtinguiſhed by different names from the different places adjoining. *Newton.*

l. 340. *p.* 34. *A table richly ſpread, &c.*]

This temptation is not recorded in Scripture, but is however in-

vented with great consistency, and very aptly fitted to the present condition of our Saviour. This way of embellishing his subject is a privilege which every poet has a just right to, provided he observes harmony and decorum in his hero's character; and one may further add, that Milton had in this particular place still a stronger claim to an indulgence of this kind, since it was a pretty general opinion among the Fathers, that our Saviour underwent many more temptations than those which are mentioned by the Evangelists; nay, Origen goes so far as to say, that he was every day, whilst he continued in the wilderness, attacked by a fresh one. The beauties of this description are too obvious to escape any reader of taste. It is copious, and yet expressed with a very elegant conciseness. Every proper circumstance is mentioned, and yet it is not at all clogged or incumbered, as is often the case, with too tedious a detail of particulars. It was a scene entirely fresh to our author's imagination, and nothing like it had before occurred in his Paradise Lost, for which reason he has been the more diffuse, and laboured it with greater care, with the same good judgment that makes him in other places avoid expatiating on scenes which he had before described. In a word, it is in my opinion worked up with great art and beauty, and plainly shews the crudity of that notion which so much prevails among superficial readers, that Milton's genius was upon the decay when he wrote his Paradise Regained.

Thyer.

The banquet here furnished by Satan, Bishop Newton observes, is like that prepared by Armida for her lovers. Tasso, C. x. 64.

Appreştar sù l' herbetta, ov' è più densa
L' ombra, e vicino al suon de l'acque chiare,
Fece di sculti vasi altera mensa,
E ricca di vivande elette e care.
Era quì ciò ch' ogni stagion dispensa,
Ciò che dona la terra, ò manda il mare,
Ciò che l' arte condisce, e cento belle
Servivano al convito accorte ancelle.

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,
Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,

In maſſy veſſel of pure ſilver made,
A banquet rich and coſtly furniſh'd was;
All beaſts, all birds beguil'd by fowler's trade,
All fiſh were there in floods or ſeas that paſs;
All dainties made by art: and at the table
An hundred virgins ſerv'd ———— *Fairfax.*

In COMUS, where the Lady is tempted by the Enchanter, the ſcene is laid in "*a ſtately palace ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs, ſoft "muſic, and tables ſpread with all dainties.*"

l. 343. *p.* 34. *In paſtry built*—]

The paſtry in the beginning of the laſt century was frequently of conſiderable magnitude and ſolidity. Of ſuch kind muſt have been the pye in which Jeoffrey Hudſon, afterwards King James's Dwarf, when eight years old was ſerved up to table at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham. We may ſuppoſe this pye was not conſiderably larger than was uſual on ſuch occaſions, otherwiſe the joke would have loſt much of its effect from ſomething extraordinary being expected. A ſpecies of *mural* paſtry ſeems to have prevailed in ſome of the preceding centuries, when artificial repreſentations of caſtles, towers, &c. were very common at all great feaſts, and were called *ſuttleties, ſubtilties,* or *ſotilties.*—Leland, in his account of the entertainment at the inthronization of Archbiſhop Warham in 1504, (*Collectanea,* Vol. 6) mentions "a ſuttlety of three ſtages, with vanes and towres "embattled," and "a warner with eight towres embattled, and made "with *flowres*;" which poſſibly meant *made in paſtry.*—In the catalogue of the expences at this feaſt there is a charge for wax and ſugar, *in operatione de le ſotilties.* Probably the wax and ſugar were employed to render the paſte of flour more adheſive and tenacious, the better to ſupport itſelf when moulded into ſuch a variety of forms.

l. 344. *p.* 34. *Gris-amber-ſteam'd*;—]

Ambergris, or grey-amber, is eſteemed the beſt, and uſed in perfumes and cordials. A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this paſſage to Mr. Peck, which we will here tranſcribe. "*Grey* amber is the amber our author here ſpeaks of, and melts like "butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a "banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boiled,

" roaſted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding; which " laſt I have eat of at an old courtier's table. And I remember in an " old chronicle there is much complaint of the nobilities being made " ſick at Cardinal Wolſey's banquets, with rich ſcented cakes and " diſhes moſt coſtly dreſſed with ambergris. I alſo recollect I once " ſaw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's court, " where ambergris is mentioned as the hautgout of that age. I fancy " Milton tranſpoſed the word for the ſake of his verſe; to make it " read more poetically." And Beaumont and Fletcher in the CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY, Act III. Scene 2.

——————— Be ſure
The wines be luſty, high, and full of ſpirit,
And AMBER'D ALL. *Newton.*

Mr. Warton, in his Note on COMUS, V. 863, cites ſeveral curious paſſages, which ſhew that amber was formerly a favourite in cookery; among others, one from Maſſinger's CITY MADAM, where " pheaſants DRENCH'D WITH AMBERGRIS" are ſpoken of as a prime delicacy; and another from Marmion's ANTIQUARY, which mentions " a fat nightingale ſeaſoned with pepper and AMBERGRIS."

l. 346. *p.* 34. *And exquiſiteſt name,*—]

This alludes to that ſpecies of Roman luxury, which gave *exquiſite names* to fiſh of exquiſite taſte, ſuch as that they called *cerebrum Jovis.* They extended this even to a very capacious diſh, as that they called *clypeum Minervæ.* The modern Italians fall into the ſame wantonneſs of luxurious impiety, as when they call their exquiſite wines by the names of *lacrymæ Chriſti* and *lac Virginis.* *Warburton.*

l. 346. *p.* 34. ——————— *for which was drain'd*
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coaſt.]

The fiſh are brought to furniſh this banquet from all the different parts of the world then known; from *Pontus,* or the Euxine Sea, in Aſia; from the *Lucrine Bay,* in Italy; and from the *coaſt of Africa*; all which places are celebrated for different kinds of fiſh by the authors of antiquity. *Newton.*

l. 349. *p.* 34. ——————— *that diverted Eve!*]

Diverted is here uſed in the Latin ſignification of diverto, *to turn aſide.* *Newton.*

l. 353. *p.* 34. *Than Ganymed or Hylas;*—]

Theſe were two moſt beautiful youths, cup-bearers; Ganymede to Jupiter, and Hylas to Hercules. *Newton.*

l. 359. *p.* 35. ——*faery damſels met in foreſt wide*
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.]

Sir *Lancelot*, *Pelleas*, and *Pellenore*, (the latter by the title of *King* Pellenore) are *Perſons* in the old Romance of MORTE ARTHUR, or *The Lyf of King Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the round table, and in thende the dolorous deth of them all*; written originally in French, and tranſlated into Engliſh by Sir Thomas Malleory, Knt. printed by William Caxton, 1484.—From this old Romance, Mr. Warton (OBSERVATIONS ON SPENSER, Sect. 2) ſhews that Spenſer borrowed much. Sir Lancelot is there called of *Logris*; and Sir Triſtram is named of *Lyones*, under which title he appears alſo in the Faery Queen. *Logris* is the ſame with *Loegria* (according to the more fabulous hiſtorians, and amongſt them Milton), an old name for England. Hollinſhed calls it both Loegria and Logiers. In his *Hiſtory of England*, B. ii. 4. 5, having related the conqueſt of our Iſland by Brute, or Brutus, a Trojan, and his building the city of Troynovant, he thus proceeds. "When Brutus had builded this city and brought it under "his ſubjection, he by the advice of his nobles commanded this iſle "(which before hight Albion) to be called Britain, and the inhabi-"tants Britons after his name, for a perpetual memorie that he was "firſt bringer of them into the land. In this mean while alſo he had "by his wife three ſons, the firſt named Locrinus or Locrine, the ſe-"cond Cambris or Camber, the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now "when the time of his death drew neere, to the firſt he betooke the "government of that part of the land now known by the name of "England, ſo that the ſame was long after called LOEGRIA or LO-"GIERS of this Locrinus," &c. &c.—The ſame author, in his *Deſcription of Britain*, inſtead of *Loegria*, or *Logiers*, writes it LHOEGRES. The Title of his TWENTY-SECOND Chapter is, *after what manner the ſovereigntie of this iſle doth remaine to the princes of Lhoegres or kings of England.* Spenſer, in his FAERY QUEEN, where he gives

the *Chronicle of the early Briton Kings from Brute to Uther's reign*, calls it *Logris*.

Locrine was left the ſovereign lord of all,
But Albanact had all the northern part
Which of himſelf Albania he did call;
And Camber did poſſeſs the weſtern quart
Which Severn now from LOGRIS doth depart.

B. II. C. x. 14.

Lyones was an old name for Cornwall, or at leaſt for a part of that county. Camden (in his BRITANNIA), ſpeaking of the *Land's End*, ſays, "the inhabitants are of opinion that this promontory did once "reach farther to the weſt, which the ſeamen poſitively conclude from "the rubbiſh they draw up. The neighbours will tell you too, from "a certain old tradition, that the land there drowned by the incurſions "of the ſea was called *Lioneſſe*." Sir Triſtram of Lyones, or Lioneſſe, is well known to the readers of the old romances. In the *French* tranſlation of the ORLANDO INAMORATO of Boiardo, he is termed *Triſtran de Leonnois*, although in the original he is only mentioned by the ſingle name of Triſtran. In the Orlando Inamorato alſo, among the knights, who defend Angelica in the fortreſs of Albracca againſt Agrican, is Sir Hubert of Lyones, *Uburto dal Lione*.—Triſtram, in his account of himſelf in the FAERY QUEEN, B. VI. C. ii. 28, ſays,

And Triſtram is my name, the only heir
Of good king Meliogras, which did reign
In Cornwall, till that he through life's deſpair
Untimely died. ———

He then relates how his Uncle ſeized upon the crown, whereupon his Mother, conceiving great fears for her ſon's perſonal ſafety, determined to ſend him into "ſome foreign land."

So, taking counſel of a wiſe man read,
She was by him adviſ'd to ſend me quite
Out of the country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile LIONESSE is hight,
Into the land of Faery. ———

Theſe particulars, Mr. Warton ſhews, are drawn from the MORTE

ARTHUR, where it is said, "there was a knight Meliodas, and he was "Lord and King of the county of Lyones, and he wedded King Marke's "sister of Cornewale."—The issue of this marriage was Sir Tristram. These Knights, he also observes, are there often represented as meeting beautiful damsels in desolate forests.—Indeed a forest was almost as necessary in an old romance as a valorous knight, or a beautiful damsel, whose beauty and prowess were severally to be endangered and proved by the difficulties and dangers they underwent amidst

—— forests and inchantments drear,

PENSEROSO, 119.

Milton's later thoughts could not, we find, but rove at times where, as he himself told us, "his younger feet wandered," when he "be-"took him among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in "solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious "kings, and from hence had in renowne over all Christendome."—APOL. FOR SMECTYMN. p. 177. Prose Works. ed. Amst. 1698.

Sir Pelleas, "a very valorous knight of Arthur's round table," is one of those who pursue the Blatant beast, when, after having been conquered and chained up by Sir Calidore, it "broke its iron chain," and again "ranged through the world." FAERY QUEEN, B. VI. C. xii. 39. *Warton.*

l. 365. *p.* 35. —— *Flora's earliest smells.*]

We may collect from many passages in our Author's poems, that he was habitually acquainted with the beauties of the early morning, and particularly sensible of them. Mr. Warton says that he "has delineated them with the lively pencil of a lover." *Note on* LYCIDAS, 27.

In his ARCADES, 56, he speaks of

—— the ODOROUS BREATH OF MORN.

In the PARADISE LOST, iv. 641. he likewise alludes to the peculiar fragrance of flowers at "that sweet hour of prime;

Sweet is the BREATH OF MORN, her rising sweet—

And in the beginning of the FIFTH Book, Adam thus concludes the speech in which he comforts Eve, on her waking in the morning, respecting her troublesome dream;

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene

THAN WHEN FAIR MORNING FIRST SMILES ON THE WORLD;

And let us to our freſh employments riſe
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
THAT OPEN NOW THEIR CHOICEST BOSOM'D SMELLS.

Philips, the imitator of our author, has moſt beautifully, and in a manner perfectly worthy of his maſter, copied the idea expreſſed in the laſt line:

——— when the kind early dew
Unlocks emboſom'd odors, ———

CIDER, ii. 59.

But to revert to Milton, where he ſpeaks more at large, and perfectly *con amore*;

Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on THE HUMID FLOWERS THAT BREATH'D
THEIR MORNING INCENSE, when all things that breathe
From the earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
THE SEASON PRIME FOR SWEETEST SCENTS AND AIRS:

PARADISE LOST, ix. 192.

To the firſt part of which paſſage we may trace Mr. Gray, in a highly-finiſhed line of his ELEGY;

The breezy call of INCENSE-BREATHING MORN,—

We find a ſemblance of "Flora's earlieſt ſmells" in the following very picturesque and poetical ſtanza of Spenſer.

Thus being enter'd they behold around
A large and ſpacious plain, on every ſide
Strowed with pleaſance, whoſe fair graſſy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of FLORA's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in ſcorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too laviſhly adorn,

WHEN FORTH FROM VIRGIN BOWER SHE COMES IN TH' EARLY MORN. F. Q. B. II. 12. 50.
Warton.

l. 423. *p.* 37. *What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,*
And his ſon Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,]

This appears to be the fact from hiſtory. When Joſephus introduces Antipater upon the ſtage, he ſpeaks of him as abounding with great riches. Φιλος δε τις Υρκανυ Ιδυμαιος, Ανιπατρος λεγομενος, πολλων μεν ευπορων χρηματων, κ. τ. λ. Antiq. lib. xiv. cap. 1. And his ſon Herod was declared king of Judea by the favour of Mark Antony, partly for the ſake of the money which he promiſed to give him;—τα δε και υπο χρηματων ων αυτω Ηρωδης υπεσχετο δωσειν ει γενοιτο βασιλευς. Ibid. cap. 14. *Newton.*

l. 439. *p.* 37. *Gideon, and Jephtha, and the ſhepherd lad,*]

Our Saviour is rightly made to cite his firſt inſtances from Scripture, and of his own nation, as being the beſt known to him; but it is with great art that the poet alſo ſuppoſes him not to be unacquainted with heathen hiſtory, for the ſake of introducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon ſaith of himſelf, *O my Lord, wherewith ſhall I ſave Iſrael? behold my family is poor in Manaſſeh, and I am the leaſt in my father's houſe.* Judges, vi. 15. And Jephtha *was the ſon of an harlot,* and his brethren *thruſt him out, and ſaid unto him, Thou ſhalt not inherit in our father's houſe, for thou art the ſon of a ſtrange woman.* Judges, xi. 1, 2. And the exaltation of David from a ſheep-hook to a ſceptre is very well known. *He choſe David alſo his ſervant, and took him from the ſheep-folds: From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Iſrael his inheritance.* Pſalm lxxviii. 70, 71. *Newton.*

l. 446. *p.* 37. *Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,*]

Quintius Cincinnatus was twice invited from following the plough to be conſul and dictator of Rome; and after he had ſubdued the enemy, when the ſenate would have enriched him with public lands and private contributions, he rejected all theſe offers, and retired again to his cottage and old courſe of life. *Fabricius* could not be bribed by all the large offers of king Pyrrhus to aid him in negotiating a peace with the Romans: and yet he lived and died ſo poor, that he was buried at the

public expenſe, and his daughters fortunes were paid out of the treaſury. *Curius Dentatus* would not accept of the lands which the ſenate had aſſigned him for the reward of his victories; and when the ambaſſadors of the Samnites offered him a large ſum of money as he was ſitting at the fire and roaſting turnips with his own hands, he nobly refuſed to take it, ſaying that it was his ambition not to be rich, but to command thoſe who were ſo. And *Regulus*, after performing many great exploits, was taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, and ſent with the ambaſſadors to Rome to treat of peace, upon oath to return to Carthage, if no peace or exchange of priſoners ſhould be agreed upon: but was himſelf the firſt to diſſuade a peace, and choſe to leave his country, family, friends, every thing, and return a glorious captive to certain tortures and death, rather than ſuffer the ſenate to conclude a diſhonourable treaty. Our Saviour cites theſe inſtances of noble Romans in order of time, as he did thoſe of his own nation: and, as Mr. Calton obſerves, the Romans in the moſt degenerate times were fond of theſe (and ſome other like) examples of ancient virtue; and their writers of all ſorts delight to introduce them: but the greateſt honour that poetry ever did them is here, by the praiſe of the Son of God.

Newton.

l. 453. *p.* 38. *Extol not riches then, &c.*—]

Milton concludes this book and our Saviour's reply to Satan with a ſeries of thoughts as noble and juſt, and as worthy of the ſpeaker, as can poſſibly be imagined. I think one may venture to affirm, that, as the Paradiſe Regained is a poem entirely moral and religious, the excellency of which does not conſiſt ſo much in bold figures and ſtrong images, as in deep and virtuous ſentiments expreſſed with a becoming gravity, and a certain decent majeſty, this is as true an inſtance of the ſublime, as the battles of the Angels in the Paradiſe Loſt. *Thyer.*

l. 466. *p.* 38. *Yet he, who reigns within himſelf, &c.*—]

"The Paradiſe Regained," Mr. Hayley very juſtly obſerves, "is "a poem that particularly deſerves to be recommended to ardent and "ingenuous youth, as it is admirably calculated to inſpire that ſpirit "of ſelf-command, which is, as Milton eſteemed it, the trueſt heroiſm, "and the triumph of Chriſtianity."

Life of Milton, p. 126.

l. 476. *p.* 38. *Is yet more kingly*;—]

In this ſpeech concerning riches and realms, our poet has culled all the choiceſt, fineſt flowers out of the heathen poets and philoſophers who have written upon theſe ſubjects. It is not ſo much their words, as their ſubſtance ſublimed and improved. But here he ſoars above them, and nothing could have given him ſo complete an idea of a divine teacher, as the life and character of our Bleſſed Saviour.

Newton.

BOOK III.

l. 13. *p.* 43. ——————— *as the oracle*
Urim and Thummim, thoſe oraculous gems
On Aaron's breaſt;—]

Aaron's breaſt-plate was a piece of cloth doubled, of a ſpan ſquare, in which were ſet in ſockets of gold twelve precious ſtones bearing the names of the twelve tribes of Iſrael engraven on them, which being fixed to the ephod, or upper veſtment of the high prieſt's robes, was worn by him on his breaſt on all ſolemn occaſions. In this breaſt-plate the *Urim* and *Thummim*, ſay the Scriptures, were put. And the learned Prideaux, after giving ſome account of the various opinions concerning *Urim* and *Thummim*, ſays it will be ſafeſt to hold, that the words *Urim* and *Thummim* meant only the divine virtue and power, given to the breaſt-plate in its conſecration, of obtaining an oraculous anſwer from God, whenever counſel was aſked of him by the high-prieſt with it on, in ſuch manner as his words did direct; and that the names of *Urim* and *Thummim* were given hereto only to denote the clearneſs and perfection which theſe oracular anſwers always carried with them. For *Urim* ſignifieth *light*, and *Thummim*, *perfection*. *Newton.*

l. 25. *p.* 44. ——————— *glory the reward*]

Our Saviour having withſtood the allurement of riches, Satan attacks him in the next place with the charms of glory. I have ſometimes

thought that Milton might possibly take the hint of thus connecting these two temptations from Spenser, who, in his second book of the Faery Queen, representing the virtue of temperance under the character of Guyon, and leading him through various trials of his constancy, brings him to the house of riches, or *Mammon's delve*, as he terms it, and immediately after to the palace of glory, which he describes, in his allegorical manner, under the figure of a beautiful woman called *Philotimè*. *Thyer.*

l. 31. *p.* 44. *Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe;*—]

Our Saviour's temptation was soon after his baptism; and he was baptized when he was *about thirty years of age*. Luke iii. 23. *Newton.*

l. 71. *p.* 45. *They err, who count it glorious to subdue*
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: &c.—]

Here might be an allusion intended to Lewis THE FOURTEENTH, who at this time began to disturb Europe, and whose vanity and ambition were gratified by titles, such as are here mentioned, from his numerous parasites.

We may here compare PARADISE LOST, xi. 691.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

And again, ver. 789 of the same book.

—— in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth. *Dunster.*

l. 74. *p.* 45. —————— *what do these worthies,*
But rob and spoil, &c.—]

Thus Drummond, in his SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT;

All live on earth by ſpoil * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Who moſt can ravage, rob, ranſack, blaſpheme,
Is held moſt virtuous, hath a WORTHY's name:—

And Thucydides, deſcribing the ancient inhabitants of Greece, ſays, "They betook themſelves to robbing under the direction of perſons by "no means deſpicable, and ſpent their lives chiefly in plundering de- "fenceleſs towns and villages; theſe practices being ſo far from diſcre- "ditable, that they were attended with a certain degree of honour."—
ετραπαντο προς ληϛειαν, ηγεμενων ανδρων η των αδυνατωτατων — — — — και προσπιπτοντες πολεσιν ατειχιϛοις, και κατα κωμας οικεμεναις, ηρπαζον, και τον πλειϛον τη βιω εντευθεν εποιειτο· ουκ εχοντος πω αισχυνην τουτο τη εργω, φεροντος δε τι και δοξης μαλλον. L. i. C. 5.

Dunſter.

l. 75. *p.* 45. *But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave*
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive,—]

This deſcription of the ravages of conquerors may have been copied from ſome of the accounts of the barbarous nations that invaded Rome. Ovid deſcribes the Getæ thus *ſpoiling, robbing, ſlaying, enſlaving,* and *burning.*

Hoſtis, equo pollens longèque volante ſagittâ,
Vicinam latè depopulatur humum.
Diffugiunt alii; nulliſque tuentibus agros
Incuſtoditæ diripiuntur opes;
Ruris opes parvæ, pecus et ſtridentia plauſtra,
Et quas divitias incola pauper habet.
Pars agitur vinctis poſt tergum capta lacertis,
Reſpiciens fruſtrà rura laremque ſuum.
Pars cadit hamatis miſerè confixa ſagittis;
Nam volucri ferro tinctile virus inſt.
Quæ nequeunt ſecum ferre aut abducere, perdunt:
Et cremat inſontes hoſtica flamma caſas.

TRIST. iii. El. x. 55.

Dunſter.

l. 78. *p.* 45. ——————— *who leave behind*
Nothing but ruin—]

Thus, Joel ii. 3. *The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and* BEHIND THEM A DESOLATE WILDERNESS.

And Mr. Gray, in his BARD, has a similar description finely expressed, where he speaks of the conquests of Edward the Black Prince in France.

——— What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Dunster.

l. 81. *p.* 46. ——————— *and must be titled Gods,*
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,]

The second Antiochus king of Syria was called Antiochus ΘΕΟΣ, or *the God:* and the learned author De Epoch. Syro-Macedonum, p. 109, speaks of a coin of Epiphanes inscribed ΘΕΟΥ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of Ευεργεται, *Benefactors,* and Σωτηρες, *Deliverers.*

Calton.

In Froelick's *Annales regum et rerum Syriæ* there are prints of five different coins of Antiochus Epiphanes, with the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ. The first Antiochus was called ΣΩΤΗΡ; as was the first Ptolemy king of Egypt. Two of the Ptolemies assumed the title of ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ.—Diodorus Siculus relates that the Syracusans with one voice saluted Gelon by the titles of Benefactor, Deliverer, and King.—μιᾳ φωνῃ παντας αποκαλειν ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ, και ΣΩΤΗΡΑ, και ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ. L. ii. 26.

The title of ευεργετης, as assumed by tyrants, is referred to, Luke xxii. 25.—*And they that exercise authority over them* ARE CALLED BENEFACTORS.

When Demetrius Poliorcetes returned from his expedition to Corcyra, the Athenians received him with divine honours, and in their hymns and choruses celebrated him as "the only true God, for that "all other Gods were asleep, or were gone abroad, or did not exist."—ως εἰη μονος θεος αληθινος, οἱ δε αλλοι καθεὐδουσιν, ἡ απεδημὴσιν, ἡ ουκ εἰσιν. Democharis ap. Athenæn. L. 6. *Dunster.*

l. 84. *p.* 46. (*One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other,*)]

Alexander is particularly intended by the one, and Romulus by the other, who, though better than Alexander, founded his empire in the blood of his brother, and for his over-grown tyranny was at laſt deſtroyed by his own ſenate. *Newton.*

l. 109. *p.* 46. *Think not ſo ſlight of glory*;—]

There is nothing throughout the whole poem more expreſſive of the true character of the Tempter than this reply. There is in it all the falſehood of *the father of lies*, and the glozing ſubtlety of an inſidious deceiver. The argument is falſe and unſound, and yet it is veiled over with a certain plauſible air of truth. The poet has alſo, by introducing this, furniſhed himſelf with an opportunity of explaining that great queſtion in divinity, why God created the world, and what is meant by that glory which he expects from his creatures. This may be no improper place to obſerve to the reader the author's great art in weaving into the body of ſo ſhort a work ſo many grand points of the Chriſtian theology and morality. *Thyer.*

l. 158. *p.* 48. *Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke*,]

Judæa was reduced to the form of a Roman province, in the reign of Auguſtus, by Quirinius, or Cyrenius, then governor of Syria; and Coponius, a Roman of the equeſtrian order, was appointed to govern it, under the title of Procurator. *Newton.*

l. 159. *p.* 48. ——————— *nor is always rul'd*
With temperate ſway—]

The Roman government indeed was not always the moſt temperate. At this time Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea, and, it appears from hiſtory, was a moſt corrupt and flagitious governor. See particularly Philo, *de Legatione ad Caium.* *Newton.*

l. 160. *p.* 48. ——————— *oft have they violated*
The temple, &c.—]

Pompey, with ſeveral of his officers, entered not only into the holy place, but alſo penetrated into the holy of holies, where none were permitted by the law to enter, except the high prieſt alone, once in a year, on the great day of expiation. Antiochus Epiphanes had before been guilty of a ſimilar profanation. See 2 Macab. C. v.

Newton.

l. 165. *p.* 48. *So did not Maccabeus, &c.*—]

The Tempter had noticed the profanation of the temple by the Romans, as well as that by Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria; and now he would infer, that Jesus was to blame for not vindicating his country against the one, as *Judas Maccabeus* had done against the other. He fled indeed into the wilderness from the persecutions of Antiochus, but there he took up arms against him, and obtained so many victories over his forces, that he recovered the city and sanctuary out of their hands, and his family was in his brother Jonathan advanced to the high priesthood, and in his brother Simon to the principality, and so they continued for several descents sovereign pontiffs and sovereign princes of the Jewish nation till the time of Herod the great: though their father Mattathias, (the son of John, the son of Simon, the son of Asmonæus, from whom the family had the name of Asmoneans,) was no more than a priest of the course of Joarib, and dwelt at Modin, which is famous for nothing so much as being the country of the Maccabees. See 1 Maccab. Josephus, Prideaux, &c. *Newton.*

l. 242. *p.* 51. *(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)*]

Saul, seeking his father's asses, came to Samuel, and by him was anointed king. 1 Sam. ix. *Newton.*

l. 284. *p.* 52. ——————— *Persepolis,*
His city,—]

The city of Cyrus; if not built by him, yet by him made the capital city of the Persian Empire. *Newton.*

l. 285. *p.* 52. ——————— *Bactra there;*—]

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness; mentioned by Virgil, GEORG. ii. 136. *Newton.*

l. 286. *p.* 52. *Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,*]

Ancient historians speak of *Ecbatana*, the metropolis of Media, as a very large city. Herodotus compares it to Athens, L. i. C. 98; Strabo calls it a great city, μεγαλη πολις, L. ii; and Polybius, L. 10. says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings. *Newton.*

l. 287. *p.* 52. *And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;*—]

The names signifies *a city with an hundred gates*; and so the capital

city of Parthia was called, Ἑκατομπυλον το των Παρθυαιων βασιλειον. Strabo. L. xi. p. 514. *Newton.*

l. 288. *p.* 52. *Susa by Choaspes,*—]

Susa, the Shushan of the holy scriptures, and the royal seat of the kings of Persia, who resided here in the winter and at Ecbatana in the summer, was situated on the river *Choaspes*, or Eulœus, or Ulai as it is called in Daniel; or rather on the confluence of these two rivers, which meeting at Susa form one great river, sometimes called by one name, and sometimes by the other. *Newton.*

Dionysius describes the Choaspes flowing by Susa,

—— παρα τε ρειων χθονα Σωσων. 1074.

l. 288. *p.* 52. —————— *amber stream,*]

Thus in the PARADISE LOST, iii. 358.

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her AMBER STREAM;—

where Bp. Newton observes that the clearness of amber was proverbial with the ancients, and cites

—— ΑΔΕΚΤΡΙΝΟΝ ὑδωρ.

Callimach. HYMN AD CER. 29.

And Virgil. GEORG. iii. 522.

—————— non qui per saxa volutus
PURIOR ELECTRO campum petit amnis:———

Sabrina the River-Goddess, in COMUS, is addressed, Ver. 863, as having

—— AMBER-DROPPING hair;

where Mr. Warton observes that her hair *drops amber*, because, in the poet's idea, her stream was supposed to be transparent.

l. 289. *p.* 52. *The drink of none but kings*;—]

It may be granted, and it is not at all improbable, that none besides the king might drink of that water of *Choaspes*, which was boiled and barreled up for his use in his military expeditions. Solinus indeed, who is a frivolous writer, says "*Choaspes* ita dulcis est, ut Per-"sici reges quamdiu intra ripas Persidis fluit solis sibi ex eo pocula "vindicarint." Milton therefore, considered as a poet, with whose purpose the fabulous suited best, is by no means to be blamed for what he has advanced; as even the authority of Solinus is sufficient to justify him. *Jortin.*

l. 289. *p.* 52. ——————— *of later fame,*
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nifibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Cteſiphon,]

Cities of later date, *built by Emathian hands*, that is, Macedonian; by the ſucceſſors of Alexander in Aſia. *The great Seleucia*, built near the river Tigris by Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's captains, and called *great* to diſtinguiſh it from others of the ſame name; *Nifibis*, another city upon the Tigris, called alſo Antiocha, *Antiochia quam Nifibin vocant.* Plin. vi. 16. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia, ſeated upon the river Araxes, *juxta Araxem Artaxate.* Plin. vi. 10. *Teredon*, a city near the Perſian bay, below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris, *Teredon infra confluentem Euphratis et Tigris.* Plin. vi. 28. *Cteſiphon*, near Seleucia, the winter reſidence of the Parthian kings, Strabo. L. xvi. p. 743. *Newton.*

l. 292. *p.* 52. *Artaxata*—]

Strabo, L. xi. p. 528. ſays that Artaxata was built by Hannibal, for Artaxas; who, after being general to Antiochus the Great, became king of Armenia.

l. 294. *p.* 52. *All theſe the Parthian, now ſome ages paſt*
By great Arſaces led, who founded firſt
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.]

All theſe cities, which before belonged to the Seleucidæ or Syro-Macedonian princes, ſometimes called *kings of Antioch*, from their uſual place of reſidence, were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whoſe empire was founded by *Arſaces*, who revolted from Antiochus Theus, according to Prideaux, two hundred and fifty years before Chriſt. This view of the Parthian empire is much more agreeably and poetically deſcribed than Adam's proſpect of the kingdoms of the world from the mount of viſion in the Paradiſe Loſt, xi. 385—411: but ſtill the anachroniſm in this is worſe than in the other: in the former Adam is ſuppoſed to take a view of cities many years before they were built, and in the latter our Saviour beholds cities, as Nineveh, Babylon, &c. in this flouriſhing condition many years after they were laid in ruins; but it was the deſign of the former viſion to

exhibit what was future, it was not the design of the latter to exhibit what was past. *Newton.*

l. 298. *p.* 53. *And just in time thou com'st to have a view*
Of his great power; &c.—]

Milton, considering very probably that a geographic description of kingdoms, however varied in the manner of expression and diversified with little circumstances, must soon grow tedious, has very judiciously thrown in this digressive picture of an army mustering for an expedition, which he has executed in a very masterly manner. The same conduct he has observed in the subsequent description of the Roman empire, by introducing into the scene prætors and proconsuls marching out to their provinces with troops, lictors, rods, and other ensigns of power, and ambassadors making their entrance into that imperial city from all parts of the world. There is great art and design in this contrivance of our Author's, and the more as there is no appearance of any, so naturally are the parts connected. *Thyer.*

l. 315. *p.* 53. *Of many provinces from bound to bound*;—]

He had before mentioned the principal cities of the Parthians, and he now recounts several of their provinces. *Newton.*

l. 316. *p.* 53. *Arachosia*,—]

This was one of the largest provinces of the Parthian Empire, and, as Bp. Newton observes, is described by Strabo extending to the river Indus, μεχρι τ̃ ινδ̃ πόλαμ̃ τεταμενη. L. xi. p. 516.

l. 316. *p.* 53. ——————— *Candaor*—]

In the Edition of 1680 it is written *Gandaor*. Pliny, describing this country, speaks of the *Gandari*, L. vi. 16. where Father Harduin would read *Candari*, and says, (as Bp. Newton observes,) that they are different from the *Gandari*. Pomponius Mela notices the same people, L. i. C. 2. where the commentators are divided between the readings of Candari or Gandari. Vossius, in a note on the place, clearly shows they were a different people from the Indian Gandari, and that they were the *Candari* of Ptolemy, and the people meant by Pliny, in the passage already referred to.—These provinces lay eastward. Candahar, or Kandahar, is the modern name of Arachosia.

l. 317. *p.* 53. —— *Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs*
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,]

Margiana and Hyrcania lay northward of Arachosia towards the Caspian Sea. Margiana is mentioned by Pliny, L. vi. 16.——The Hyrcanian "cliffs of Caucasus" and "the Iberian dales" are joined together by Strabo, who says, that the highest part of the Caucasus bordered on Albania, Iberia, and Colchis.—τα μεν ουν ὑψηλοτατα τῦ οντως Καυκασυ τα νοτιωτατα ἐςι, τα προς Αλβανια και Ιβηρια και Κολχους. L. xi. p. 506.—The Iberian dales are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests. Tacitus describes the Iberians "saltuosos "locos incolentes." ANNAL. vi. 34.

l. 319. *p.* 53. *From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains,*
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.]

This description of the Parthian provinces moves nearly in a circle. It begins with Arachosia east; then advances northward to Margiana; and from thence, turning westward, proceeds to Hyrcania, Iberia, and the Atropatian or northern division of Media. Here it turns again southward, and carries us to Adiabene, or the western part of Babylonia, which, as Bp. Newton observes, Strabo (L. xvi. p. 745,) describes as a *plain country*, της μεν ουν Αδιαβηνης ἡ πλειςη πεδιας ἐςι; then, passing through part of Media, it concludes with Susiana, which extended southward to the Persian Gulph, called *Balsara's haven*, from the Port of Balsera, Bassorah, or Bussorah.

l. 333. *p.* 54. ——————————— *or overlay*
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;]

Alluding probably to Æschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. PERSÆ, 71.

Πολυγομφον ὀδισμα
Ζυγον αμφιβαλων αυχενι ποντῳ. *Thyer.*

l. 337. *p.* 54. *Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,*
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, &c.—]

What Milton here alludes to is related in Boiardo's Orlando Inamorato, L. i. Cant. 10. The number of forces said to be there assembled is incredible, and extravagant even beyond the common

extravagancy of romances. Agrican the Tartar king brings into the field no leſs than two millions two hundred thouſand;

Ventidua centinaia di migliara
Di caualier hauea quel Rè nel campo,
Coſa non mai udita———

and Sacripante the king of Circaſſia, who comes to the aſſiſtance of Gallaphrone, three hundred and eighty-two thouſand. It muſt be acknowledged, I think, by the greateſt admirers of Milton, that the impreſſion which romances had made upon his imagination in his youth, has in this place led him into a blameable exceſs. Not to mention the notorious fabulouſneſs of the fact alluded to, which I doubt ſome people will cenſure in a poem of ſo grave a turn, the number of the troops of Agrican, &c. is by far too much diſproportioned to any army, which the Parthian king by an hiſtorical evidence could be ſuppoſed to bring into the field. *Thyer.*

l. 341. *p.* 54. *The faireſt of her ſex Angelica,*]

This is that Angelica who afterwards made her appearance in the ſame character in Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo, which was intended as a continuation of the ſtory, which Boiardo had begun. As Milton fetches his ſimile from a romance, he adopts the terms uſed by theſe writers, viz. *proweſt* and *Paynim.* *Thyer.*

l. 374. *p.* 55. ——————— *thoſe ten tribes*
Whoſe offspring in his territory yet ſerve,
In Habor, and among the Medes diſpers'd;]

Theſe were the ten tribes, whom Shalmaneſer, king of Aſſyria, carried captive into Aſſyria, *and put them in Halab and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes.* 2 Kings, xviii. 11. which cities were now under the dominion of the Parthians.

Newton.

l. 428. *p.* 57. *Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,*
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan?—]

There is ſome difficulty and obſcurity in this paſſage; and ſeveral conjectures and emendations have been offered to clear it but none, I think, entirely to ſatisfaction. Mr. Sympſon would read *Headlong*

would fall off, and &c. or *Headlong would fall, &c.* But Mr. Calton seems to come nearer the poet's meaning. Whom or what would they follow, says he? There wants an accusative case; and what must be understood to complete the sense can never be accounted for by an ellipsis, that any rules or use of language will justify. He therefore suspects by some accident a whole line may have been lost; and proposes one, which he says may serve at least for a commentary to explain the sense, if it cannot be allowed for an emendation.

Their fathers in their old iniquities
Headlong would follow, &c.——

Or is not the construction thus, *Headlong would follow as to their ancient patrimony, and to their Gods perhaps, &c.?* *Newton.*

BOOK IV.

l. 27. *p.* 62. *Another plain, &c.*—]

The learned reader need not be informed that the country here meant is Italy, which indeed is long but not broad, and is washed by the Mediterranean on the south, and screened by the Alps on the north, and divided in the midst by the river Tiber. *Newton.*

l. 66. *p.* 63. ——————— *turms of horse*—]

Troops of horse; as Bp. Newton observes, from the Latin, *turma.* Virg. Æn. v. 560.

——————— equitum TURMÆ,——

l. 68. *p.* 63. ——————— *on the Appian road,*
Or on the Emilian,—]

The Appian road from Rome led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north. The nations on the Appian road are included in ver. 69—76, those on the Emilian in ver. 77—79. *Newton.*

l. 69. *p.* 63. ——————— *from farthest south,*
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, &c.—]

He first mentions places in *Africa*; *Syene*, a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia; Ditionis Ægypti esse incipit a fine Æthiopiæ Syene; Plin. Lib. v. Sect. 9; *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, in the river Nile, therefore called *Nilotic isle, where the shadow both way falls*; Rursus in Meroe, (insula hæc caputque gentis Æthiopum—in amne Nilo habitatur,) bis anno absumi umbras; Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73; *the realm of Bocchus*, Mauritania. Then *Asian* nations; among these *the golden Chersonese*, Malacca the most southern promontory of the East Indies, (see Paradise Lost, xi. 392; *and utmost Indian isle Taprobane*, wherefore Pliny says it is "extra orbem a "natura relegata;" Lib. vi. Sect. 22. Then the *Europæan* nations as far as to *the Tauric pool*, that is the palus Mæotis; "Lacus ipse "Mæotis, Tanain amnem ex Riphæis montibus defluentem accipiens, "novissimum inter Europam Asiamque finem, &c." Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12. *Newton.*

l. 115. *p.* 65. *On citron tables or Atlantic stone,*]

Tables made of *citron* wood were in such request among the Romans, that Pliny calls it *mensarum insania*. They were beautifully veined and spotted. See his account of them, Lib. xiii. Sect. 29. I do not find that the *Atlantic stone* or marble was so celebrated: the *Numidicus lapis* and *Numidicum marmor* are often mentioned in Roman authors. *Newton.*

l. 145. *p.* 66. *Or could of inward slaves make outward free?*]

This noble sentiment Milton explains more fully, and expresses more diffusively, in his PARADISE LOST, xii. 90.

—— therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords; &c.

So also again, in his xiith Sonnet,

Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;
FOR WHO LOVES THAT, MUST FIRST BE WISE AND GOOD.

No one had ever more refined notions of true liberty than Milton. *Thyer.*

l. 230. *p.* 68. *Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt.*]
Alluding to thoſe charming lines, i. 221.

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſuaſion do the work of fear. *Newton.*

l. 239. *p.* 69. ——— *pure the air, and light the ſoil;*]
Attica being a mountainous country, the ſoil was light, and the air ſharp and pure; and therefore ſaid to be productive of ſharp wits. ——τεν ευκρασιαν των ορων εν αυτῳ κατιδυσα, ὁτι φρονιμωτατες ανδρας οισει. Plato in Timæo. p. 24. Vol. 3. Ed. Serr.——"Athenis tenue "cœlum, ex quo acutiores etiam putantur Attici."——Cicero, De Fato, 4. *Newton.*

l. 244. *p.* 69. ——— *the olive grove of Academe,*]
The Academy is always deſcribed as a woody, ſhady, place. Diogenes Laertius calls it προαςειον ΑΛΣΩΔΕΣ; and Horace ſpeaks of the sylvas Academi, 2 Epiſt. ii. 45. But Milton diſtinguiſhes it by the particular name of *the olive grove of Academe*, becauſe the olive was particularly cultivated about Athens, being ſacred to Minerva the goddeſs of the city: he has beſides the expreſs authority of Ariſtophanes, Nub. 1001.

Αλλ' εις Ακαδημιαν κατιων, ὑπο ταις μοριαις αποθρεξεις.
Sed in Academiam deſcendens ſub ſacris olivis ſpatiaberis.
Newton.

This whole deſcription of the Academe is infinitely charming. Bp. Newton has juſtly obſerved that "Plato's Academy was never more "beautifully deſcribed." "Cicero," he adds, "who has laid the "ſcene of one of his dialogues (De Fin. l. v.) there, and who had "been himſelf on the ſpot, has not painted it in more lively co-"lours."

l. 245. *p.* 69. ——— *where the Attic bird*
Trills her thick-warbled notes &c.—]

Philomela, who according to the fables, was changed into a nightingale, was the daughter of Pandion king of Athens. Hence the nightingale is called *Atthis* in Latin, quaſi Attica avis; thus Martial, l. i. Ep. 54.

Sic ubi multiſonâ fervet ſacer Atthide lucus, &c. *Newton.*

l. 247. *p.* 69. *There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound*
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing;—]

Valerius Flaccus calls it *Florea juga Hymetti*, Argonaut. V. 344; and the honey was so much esteemed and celebrated by the ancients, that it was reckoned the best of the Attic honey, as the Attic honey was said to be the best in the world. The poets often speak of the murmur of the bees as inviting to sleep, Virg. Ecl. i. 56.

Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro:

but Milton gives a more elegant turn to it, and says that it *invites to studious musing*, which was more proper indeed for his purpose, as he is here describing the Attic learning. *Newton.*

l. 249. *p.* 69. ——————— *Ilissus*—]

Mr. Calton and Mr. Thyer have observed with me, that Plato hath laid the scene of his Phædrus on the banks, and at the spring, of this pleasant river.—χαριεντα γην και καθαρα και διαφανη τα ὑδατια φαινεται. "Nonne hinc aquulæ puræ ac pellucidæ jocundo mur-"mure confluunt?" Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 229. The philosophical retreat at the spring-head is beautifully described by Plato, in the next page, where Socrates and Phædrus are represented sitting on a green bank, shaded with a spreading platane, of which Cicero hath said very prettily, that it seemeth not to have grown so much by the water which is described, as by Plato's eloquence; "quæ mihi videtur non "tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse." De Orat. i. 7. *Newton.*

l. 253. *p.* 69. *Lyceum there,*—]

The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great, and was the founder of the sect of the Peripatetics, so called, απο τυ περιπατειν, from his *walking*, and teaching philosophy. But there is some reason to question, whether the *Lyceum* was *within the walls*, as Milton asserts. For Suidas says expressly, that it was a place in the suburbs, built by Pericles for the exercising of soldiers: and I find the scholiast upon Aristophanes in the Irene, speaks of going into the Lyceum, and going out of it again, and *returning back into the city*:——εις το Δυκειον εισιονλες——και παλιν εξιονλες εκ τυ Δυκειυ, και απιονλες εις την πολιν. *Newton.*

l. 253. *p.* 69. ——————— *painted Stoa*—]

Stoa was the ſchool of Zeno, whoſe diſciples from the place had the name of Stoics; and this Stoa, or portico, being adorned with variety of paintings, was called in Greek Ποικιλη, or *various*, and here by Milton the *painted Stoa*. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Ariſtotle and Zeno. *Newton.*

l. 257. *p.* 69. *Æolian charms*,—]

Æolia carmina, verſes ſuch as thoſe of Alcæus and Sappho, who were both of Mitylene in Leſbos, an iſland belonging to the Æolians.

Princeps ÆOLIUM CARMEN ad Italos
Deduxiſſe modos, ——— Hor. L. iii. ODE xxx. 13.
Fingent ÆOLIO CARMINE nobilem,— IBID. L. iv. ODE iii. 12.
Newton.

Our Engliſh word *charm* is derived from *carmen*; as are *inchant*, and *incantation*, from *canto*.

l. 257. *p.* 69. ——————— *Dorian Lyric odes*,]

Such as thoſe of Pindar; who calls his lyre Δωριαν φορμιγγα. OLYMP. i. 26, &c. *Newton.*

l. 258. *p.* 69. *And his who gave them breath, &c.*—]

Our Author agrees with thoſe writers, who ſpeak of Homer as the father of all kinds of poetry. Dionyſius the Halicarnaſſean, and Plutarch, have attempted to ſhow that poetry in all its forms, tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph, are included in his works. *Newton.*

l. 259. *p.* 69. *Blind Meleſigenes, thence Homer call'd*,]

Our Author here follows Herodotus, in his life of Homer, where it is ſaid that he was born near the river Meles, and that from thence his mother named him at firſt Meleſigenes,—τιθεται ονομα τω παιδι Μελεσιγενεα, απο τε ποταμε την επωνυμιαν λαβυσα,—and that afterwards when he was blind and ſettled at Cuma, he was called *Homer*, quaſi ὁ μη ορων, from the term by which the Cumæans diſtinguiſhed blind perſons;—εντευθεν δε και τυνομα Ὁμηρος επεκρατησε τω Μελησιγενει, απο της συμφορης. ὁι γαρ Κυμαιοι τους τυφλους ὁμηρους λεγυσιν. *Newton.*

l. 262. *p.* 69. —— *Chorus or Iambic*,—]

The two conſtituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the IAMBIC meaſure, and the CHORUS, which con-

fisted of various measures.—The character here given by our author of the ancient tragedy, is very just and noble; and the English reader cannot form a better idea of it in its highest beauty and perfection, than by reading our author's SAMSON AGONISTES. *Newton.*

l. 267. *p.* 70. *Thence to the famous orators repair, &c.*—]

How happily does Milton's versification in this, and the following lines, concerning the Socratic philosophy, express what he is describing! In the first we feel, as it were the nervous rapid eloquence of Demosthenes, and the latter have all the gentleness and softness of the humble modest character of Socrates. *Thyer.*

l. 268. *p.* 70. ——— *whose resistless eloquence*
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,]
——— ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΗΣ ΟΥΛΥΜΠΙΟΣ
ΗΣΤΡΑΠΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΞΥΝΕΚΥΚΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ.
523.

l. 271. *p.* 70. *To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:*]

As Pericles and others *fulmin'd over Greece to Artaxerxes throne* against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who *fulmin'd over Greece to Macedon* against king Philip, in his Orations, therefore denominated Philippics. *Newton.*

l. 276. *p.* 70. ——— *from whose mouth issu'd forth*
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics &c.—]

Thus Quintilian calls Socrates *fons philosophorum.* L. i. C. 10. As the ancients looked upon Homer to be the father of poetry, so they esteemed Socrates the father of moral philosophy.

l. 285. *p.* 70. *To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.*]

This answer of our Saviour is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of Satan is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite throughout this work thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of errour, whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style, or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader, that simple naked truth will always be an over-match for falsehood,

though recommended by the gayeſt rhetoric, and adorned with the moſt bewitching colours. *Thyer.*

l. 288. *p.* 70. ——————— *he who receives*
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;]

St. James, C. i. V. 17. *Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and* COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS; which refers to what the apoſtle had ſaid in the 5th verſe of the ſame chapter; *If any of you lack wiſdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, &c.*

l. 296. *p.* 70. *A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſenſe*;]

Theſe were the Sceptics or Pyrrhonians, the diſciples of Pyrrho, who aſſerted nothing to be either honeſt or diſhoneſt, juſt or unjuſt; that men do all things by law and cuſtom; and that in every thing *this* is not preferable to *that*. This was called the Sceptic philoſophy from its continual inſpection, and never finding; and Pyrrhonian from Pyrrho. (See Stanley's Life of Pyrrho, who takes this account from Diogenes Laertius.) *Newton.*

l. 297. *p.* 70. *Others in virtue plac'd felicity,*
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;]

Theſe were the old Academics, and the Peripatetics the ſcholars of Ariſtotle.

l. 299. *p.* 70. *In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe*;]

EPICURUS. The HE is here contemptuouſly emphatical.

l. 341. *p.* 72. ——————— *perſonating*]

This is in the Latin ſenſe of *perſono*, to celebrate loudly, to publiſh or proclaim.

l. 354. *p.* 72. ——————— *ſtatiſts*—]

Or ſtateſmen. A word in more frequent uſe formerly, as in Shakſpeare, CYMBELINE, Act II. Sc. 5.

——— I do believe,
(STATIST though I am none, nor like to be)

and HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 3.

I once did hold it, as our STATISTS do, &c. *Newton.*

l. 421. *p.* 75. *Infernal ghoſts and helliſh furies round*
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, &c.—]

With that, methought, A LEGION OF FOUL FIENDS
ENVIRON'D ME, AND HOWLED IN MINE EARS
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I trembling wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

K. RICHARD III. ACT I. Sc. 5.

l. 427. *p.* 75. ——— *with pilgrim ſteps*—]

With the ſlow ſolemn pace of a pilgrim on a journey of devotion. *Newton.*

l. 427. *p.* 75. ——————— *amice gray*,]

Amice gray is gray clothing. Amice, a ſignificant word, is derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe: and is uſed by Spenſer, FAERY QUEEN, Book I. C. iv. St. 18.

Array'd in habit black, and AMICE THIN,
Like to an holy monk the ſervice to begin. *Newton.*

l. 428. *p.* 75. *Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar*
Of thunder, chac'd the clouds, and laid the winds, &c.]

This is an imitation of a paſſage in the firſt Æneid of Virgil, where Neptune is repreſented with his trident laying the ſtorm which Æolus had raiſed. ver. 142.

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat,
COLLECTASQUE FUGAT NUBES, ſolemque reducit.

There is the greater beauty in the Engliſh poet, as the ſcene he is deſcribing under this charming figure is perfectly conſiſtent with the courſe of nature; nothing being more common than to ſee a ſtormy night ſucceeded by a pleaſant, ſerene morning. *Thyer.*

l. 430. *p.* 75. *And griſly ſpectres, which the Fiend had rais'd*,]

So when the ſun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,

And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes
Fly after the night ſteeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

This popular ſuperſtition, reſpecting the evaneſcence of ſpirits at the crowing of the cock, Shakſpeare, as Mr. Warton obſerves, has finely availed himſelf of in his HAMLET, where the Ghoſt vaniſhes at this circumſtance.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, ſay they, no ſpirit dares walk abroad;
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

The ſuppoſed effect of day-break, in this reſpect, is alſo deſcribed very poetically by the ſame great maſter in his MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Act. III. Scene *the laſt*.

And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach ghoſts wandering here and there
Troop home to churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Thus alſo Cowley, in his HYMN TO LIGHT, Stanz. 10.

Night and her ugly ſubjects thou doſt fright, &c.

And Stanz. 17.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſpirits, that did preſume
A body's privilege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly.——

But perhaps no poet has more happily availed himſelf of this old ſuperſtition, or has introduced it more poetically than the late Mr. Gray, in his PROGRESS OF POETRY, where the relief, which the Muſe affords to the real and imaginary ills of life, is compared to the day diſpelling the gloom and terrours of the night.

Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her SPECTRES WAN, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky;
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

STANZA ii. 1.—

Dunſter.

l. 432. *p.* 75. *And now the ſun with more effectual beams*
Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray,
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn.]

There is in this deſcription all the bloom of Milton's youthful fancy. We may compare an evening ſcene of the ſame kind, PARADISE LOST, ii. 488.

As, when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heaven's chearful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſcape ſnow or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley ring. *Thyer.*

l. 454. *p.* 76. ——— *theſe flaws,*—] (From *Flo.*)

Flaw is a ſea term for a ſudden ſtorm, or guſt of wind.

In the PARADISE LOST, among the changes produced in the natural world are violent ſtorms, which are deſcribed

—— arm'd with ice,
And ſnow and hail, and STORMY GUST AND FLAW;

x. 697.

where Bp. Newton cites two verſes from Shakſpeare's VENUS and ADONIS;

Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd
GUST, and foul FLAWS to herdſmen and to herds.

l. 455. *p.* 76. *As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,*]
So alſo, COMUS, 597;

—— if this fail,
The PILLAR'D FIRMAMENT is rottenneſs.

In both, no doubt, alluding to Job, xxvi. 11. *The* PILLARS OF HEAVEN *tremble, and are aſtoniſh'd at his reproof.* *Thyer.*

l. 541. *p.* 78. —— *without wing*
Of hippogrif—]

An *hippogrif* is an imaginary creature, part like an horſe, and part like a gryphon.

Arioſto frequently makes uſe of this creature to convey his heroes from place to place. *Newton.*

l. 564. *p.* 79. —— *in Iraſſa*—]

Iraſſa is a place in Lybia, mentioned by Herodotus.

l. 572. *p.* 79. *And as that Theban monſter, &c.*—]

The Sphinx, who, on her riddle being ſolved by Œdipus, threw herſelf into the ſea. Statius, THEB. i. 66.

—— Si Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonſtrante, reſolvi. *Newton.*

l. 572. *p.* 79. —— *that Theban monſter that propos'd*
Her riddle, and him, who ſolved it not, devour'd,
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpite
Caſt herſelf headlong from the Iſmenian ſteep;]

Iſmenian ſteep, from the river Iſmenus, which ran by Thebes; ὁ γαρ Ασωπος, και ὁ ΙΣΜΗΝΟΣ δια τυ πεδιυ ῥευσι τυ προ των Θηβων. Strabo. ix. p. 408.—*Iſmenus* is thus frequently uſed by the Latin poets for *Theban.*

l. 581. *p.* 80. —— *and ſtrait a fiery globe*
Of Angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans &c.—]

There is a peculiar ſoftneſs and delicacy in this deſcription, and neither circumſtances nor words could be better ſelected to give the reader an idea of the eaſy and gentle deſcent of our Saviour, and to take from the imagination that horrour and uneaſineſs which it is naturally filled with in contemplating the dangerous and uneaſy ſituation he was left in. *Thyer.*

So Pſyche was carried down from the rock by zephyrs, and laid lightly on a green and flowery bank, and there entertained with inviſible muſic. See Apuleius, Lib. iv. *Richardſon.*

Mr. Richardſon might have added that Pſyche was alſo entertained with a banquet miniſtered by Spirits. The paſſages from Apuleius, (at the end of the FOURTH Book of the METAMORPHOSES, and the beginning of the FIFTH,) are well worth citing.

" Pſychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipſo ſcopuli vertice " deſlentem, mitis aura molliter ſpirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde " laciniis et reflato ſinu ſenſim levatam, ſuo tranquillo ſpiritu vehens " paulatim per devexa rupis excelſæ, vallis ſubditæ florentis ceſpitis " gremio leniter delapſam reclinat."———————————

—" Et illico vini nectarei eduliorumque variorum fercula copioſa, " nullo ſerviente, ſed tantum ſpiritu quodam impulſa, ſubminiſtran- " tur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, ſed verba tantum " audiebat excidentia et ſolas voces famulas habebat. Poſt opimas " dapes quidam intro ceſſit, et cantavit inviſus; et alius citharam " pulſavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipſe. Tunc modulatæ multitu- " dinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut quamvis hominum nemo " pareret, chorum tamen eſſe pateret." *Dunſter.*

l. 596. *p.* 80. *True image of the Father, &c.*—]

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii.

All the poems that ever were written muſt yield, even PARADISE LOST muſt yield, to the REGAINED in the grandeur of its cloſe. Chriſt ſtands triumphant on the pointed eminence. The Demon falls with amazement and terrour, on this full proof of his being that very Son of God, whoſe thunder forced him out of Heaven. The bleſſed Angels receive new knowledge. They behold a ſublime truth eſtabliſhed, which was a ſecret to them at the beginning of the Temptation; and the great diſcovery gives a proper opening to their hymn on the victory of Chriſt, and the defeat of the Tempter. *Calton.*

l. 605. *p.* 81. *Thou didſt debel,*—]

i. e. Subdue in Battle.

Virgil, ÆN. vi. 853;

——— DEBELLARE ſuperbos.

And Ibid, v. 730;

——— gens dura atque aſpera cultu
DEBELLANDA tibi Latio eſt;——

l. 624. *p.* 81. ——————— *Abaddon*—]

The name of the Angel of the bottomleſs pit, Rev. ix. 11; here applied to the bottomleſs pit itſelf. *Newton.*

THE END.

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